This is a compilation of texts from the Facebook page “Of Futility & Decay.” Author: Matthias Jablonka.

1. There's nothing better to revitalize and reinforce the whole idea/fact/notion that human beings are just a bunch of meaningless slices of festering meat hallucinating consciousness and sensory perception than reading about or watching a documentary of how life used to be before all the medical discoveries that now are a common part of modern existence.

We used to die like flies sprayed with insecticide for mundane and trivial things such as a cut, a rash, an infection, a bacterial invasion or a random disease, and absolutely nothing at all mattered. The world kept spinning, and the stellar universal landscape continued watching down with total indifference.

Whoops, there goes another failed creation that went wrong. Another piece of flesh that expired. The collateral damage of an illogical biological process that cares only about keeping the cycle alive, for no reason whatsoever, and at all costs.

Simply because certain advances, improvements and amends have covered up or left in darkness a great portion of the nightmarish ordeal that it is life in its raw state, this doesn't mean that this place is still anything less than an absurd cosmic abattoir...

I imagine that those were some great times for being a full-on futilitarian misotheistic cynic, too. Just the realization that you were born—pooped out into this useless world—to fart around for a little bit, submerge yourself in pointless and distractive daily-doings to fill the internal emptiness, and then contracted this weird affliction that ended up leaving you bedridden, while causing you great discomfort and experience insane amounts of meaningless pain, so that you can finally rest six feet under and silently rot away inside an old dark coffin and become breakfast to hungry little maggots for a few years.

Yeah, that's why you were brought into this world. That's how you will go down in history. That will be your whole life story buddy, isn't great?

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2. Most needs are really just wants. And you want because you have the ability to convince yourself to think that you need. It's all just a nonsensical game of psychological self-deceit really...

One that works really well given that the futilitarian nature of existence forces individuals to be always on the move. To relentlessly chase after something, anything. Essentially, to fulfill the job of transportation for the genetic material, while keeping the vessel moderately content, and the brain busy and occupied. And it isn't coincidence either to notice that at the moment one stops to question and analyze the situation, things like bad moods, existential crises and internal sensations of voidness start to appear.

The human puppet isn't supposed to deviate from its programming; and all these exposures to negative stimuli are basically collateral cognitive punishments. For not being a good boy or girl. For not being a well-behaved prisoner. For not being a quiet, exceptional and obedient sentient slave.

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3. The bleakest and dreariest part in a post-apocalyptic scenario such as the one depicted in Cormack McCarthy's: "The Road", isn't the realization that most--if not all--of the biosphere has certainly perished; that many humans have resorted to hunting other humans, keep them as livestock and then perform cannibalism; or, that people's only reason to continue is that of survival for survival while existing in the most marginal and precarious conditions possible... no. Actually, is the realization that not even then, when hitting absolute rock bottom with the clear notion that it's impossible for the world to one day ever come back to its lesser hellish form (when it comes to superficially living conditions, at least; because behaviorally, it isn't all that different anyway, just elevated in terms of depravity to match the deplorable situational state of things), this species would call it quits. Not even in a literally 'hell unleashed all over the earth' situation, most of them would even consider to stop procreating, spare the next ones the ordeal they are right now going through, and peacefully embrace nonexistence...

When you look at it from that antinatalistic/efilistic perspective, it's unadulterated tragedy that doesn't want to end. In fact, it actively refuses to do so. And probably will never find closure until any living creature with a brain and the capacity for sentience still breathes, given that this one is perpetuated by the resilient tragic beings themselves.

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4. Today in "Inconvenient, Hard-To-Swallow Truths":

How come when someone doesn't enjoy (either at all, or not as much as it used to, in comparison to a previous moment in time) commonplace events, daily occurrences, usual happenings and popular activities, this is immediately seen as a sign of something being mentally or psychologically wrong with that person? This is indeed the 'de facto' mindset of almost all modern society: to aggressively finger point towards that in a very judgmental, negative fashion. With fast conclusions and even hints of depression, melancholy, and low spirits being involved, too...

This very same 'logical conclusion' could be applied in reverse. Simply by saying that, something must be terribly wrong with all those individuals who to this day and without a problem, still enjoy all those silly, mindless, humdrum, vacuous and nonsensical ways to pass the time, fill one's life and expend long moments busy with. And, that the only reasons they can keep on effectively do it, is because they live in a world of delusional fantasy, present a lack of depth and wits, don't even bother to question or analyze their surroundings, have very low neuronal activity, and don't even have the capacity to notice how monotonously cartoonish to the point of absurdity it all is.

Yet, this almost never happens. One's joyfulness is always good, even if the groundings for it are ridiculous or based on foolishness. While one's gloom and despair, is always unjustified or bad, even if has concrete motives and elaborated reasons.

For demonstratory purposes, let's use suspension of disbelief and pretend for a moment that after waking up from resting 8 hours, all there's left to do in a day of existence, is to stand still for the next 16 hours in the same spot looking at a blank wall. Yes, forget showering, going to work or school, play games, talk with friends, watch Netflix, or whatever else distractive thing you normally do; this is now a different Black Mirror-ish reality where none of those things exist or are needed anymore. Now, you are going to have three groups of people: Those who always think it's awesome and a lot of fun to stand there for 16 hours straight, for whatever reason: be it among them high degree of tolerance or cognitive wiring. Then, those who will immediately voice out that it's pretty crappy and boring to stand there for 16 hours, and then go back to bed only to rinse and repeat the next day because they can see all too clearly how routinary and painfully empty things are. And lastly, those who might enjoy it at first and for a while, then finally get tired, and succumb to the admittance that it's all quite mind-numbing and tiresome too. Now, be serious and honest to yourself, and ask: which ones would you say are rationally and objectively right here? See, exactly. You can superficially lie to yourself, but you can't really lie to yourself...

Besides, who sold it as valid and how do we get to the conclusion that, for example, frolicking around aimlessly day and night; watching a bunch of people run with a ball in hand or after it (as it happens in most sports); seeing some mindless explosive action or run-of-the-mill dramatic stories on a big or small screen (as the entertainment industry often delivers); performing repetitive tasks for hours as an almost obligatory activity—among many other common things diurnally offered by reality—are by default good, purposeful and positive? While, not liking any of these things as much, finding them as cool or interesting, a warning that something's wrong? The cheerful robot that loves what is programmed to do and the confined sandbox-like space given to roam around, which somehow manages to function and be a productive member, is great, no questions asked; but, the one noticing that things aren't that enjoyable, worthy of one's time or as fulfilling as they should be, is the strange and defective one? Hmm, interesting...

Pretty unconvincing stuff, if you ask me, to so convincingly say that the one clearly under the fantasy of happy-go-lucky, optimistic biases is the correct role model that everyone must follow and imitate--just because it matches with the prevalent anthropocentric set goal or agenda of "progress for the sake of progress, we are here, what else can we do?". While the one with the evidently more realistic and accurate outlook (which inevitably makes it 'wake up from the dream' so to call it), is the one that needs fixing, and immediate check-up or intervention because of its 'no-nonsense allowed' attitude.

It all seems too biased, arbitrary, and way too one-sided to be taken serious. And, it becomes a problem because this isn't just the opinion of normal, everyday people found in society or walking down the streets, no. But, more like the one people qualified as professionals also use—and it's with this same method of judgment they 'properly' diagnose and 'effectively' medicate.

Which isn't even the main problem here either, as this is the best help that can be offered as of now—to at least cope with the situation of finding oneself in that horrendous position of viewing it all so ascetically and clinically unadorned. The real problem, is that we take it all out

on the individual's cognitive health almost instinctively. Instead of maybe straightforwardly admitting that life, existence and reality perhaps--just perhaps--aren't as fabulous, wonderful and amazing as we so very-hard try to think or convince ourselves that they are.

No, Heaven forbid the openly admittance of life, existence and reality being fruitless, tedious, dull, hollow, wearisome, lackluster, vain business, and so on with many other contrary adjectives. Can't afford to do that, too much encephalic cost. So, we send the mean cognitive police with vicious dogs, to hunt after them...

Who's saying all that negative, yet very sensible stuff? Who's talking crap about this precious sentient experience, even if done in a constructive manner? Can't have maniacs like those freely running around, we are trying to keep a self-deceptive pipe-dream alive here, for Christ's sake! We have to send a message, so capture them all, and send them to the gallows, right now!

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5. I wonder how many of those people who right now sing the song of 'life being the greatest gift of them all', would sing that same carefree and cheerful tune, if their current situational existence were to be slightly tweaked by negative events, or modified to be just a little different affected by bad personal occurrences... No so many, surely. And, those who still would, they would continue sing it probably for being too self-absorbed in their own protective bubble experiencing a happy-go-lucky, insular life, too. And, that's saying something, because it's not like momentarily putting oneself into someone else's shoes, is such a complicated cognitive task requiring beyond comprehension degrees of imagination, you know...

Do you think you would say that, 'life is awesome', if you opened your eyes, and were about to be burned alive by religious nutcases in some part of medieval Europe, just because your hair is bright red and they think you are a witch? Do you think you would make the observation that, 'life is what you make it', if you woke up as a defenseless lion cub from a different pride, about to be mercilessly killed by the new ruling older male Lion? Do you think you would preach the: 'life is a party' motto, if you found yourself stuck and completely paralyzed from head to toe on a wheelchair because you were born with cerebral palsy, or were perpetually bedridden by some other illness or disease? Do you think you would sing the song of: 'life being amazing', if you awakened as a Jewish teen forcefully locked inside a concentration camp, about to see your parents and older siblings walking inside a chamber to be gassed to death, while knowing you are soon to be next? Do you think you would go around voicing out that, 'life is a blessing', if you were born a thinking woman from lower class in the oppressive Arab world, with absolutely no personal freedom, that's being treated as a commodity, and had virtually no sayings, choices or means to move away from that hell? Do you think you would claim that, 'life is pure joy', if you found yourself being a slave in the old deep south, while being forced to do hard labor, sported a back full of scars from being constantly whipped, and having people all around you looking at like you are a mere tool that possesses no rights or value? Do you think you would assure that, 'life is full warm laughs', if you were a homeless person with no other choice but to sleep under a bridge in the coldness of the streets, that's about to receive a hateful beating by a drunk gang of bored young men? Do you think the notion of: 'life is exciting business', would even cross your mind if you were an abandoned dog, who was once a cute puppy gifted by parents to some spoiled daddy's princess or capricious

momma's boy, but now grew too old, lost its charm, became unwanted, and for that is about to be run over by an 8 wheeler truck because they left him/her all alone at night on the side of a highway? Do you think you would really think that, 'life is wonderful', if you were an innocent peasant made to take the blame and pay for the rapings and the murders of some random women done by a high-born who has lots of coin, with a sentence of hard labor, and spent the rest of your life in a dark, humid, smelly prison during the Dark Ages?

Being born into the safety of a privileged existential position (or at least a not so miserable one, in comparison), is just a matter of random chance. Like putting skill points, traits or deciding the appearance of a character in one of those popular online role-playing games, but the attributes are decided by life, evolution, genetics and causality instead. No one here has earned anything beforehand; no one has proved that they deserved it more; none of those won a competitive contest proving their worth or skill for it, or any of that sort.

When one opens its eyes into sentience and consciousness, it's all a lottery. Absolutely nobody has any saying in what they are going to get, as anything goes in this randomization; sometimes the best, sometimes the worst, sometimes something in between. While at best, you can actively decide how things will play out, but even that would still be ruled by deterministic chance. So, you look around you, take a look in the mirror, explore a little inside your mind, and got what you got, no refunds. And, it could have been accompanied by any of the above destinies, or far worse.

So, to answer the question that opened this text, the response is obviously one big: NO. They wouldn't sing exactly the same song, but a completely different one dictated by whatever they ended up with. Their stuck-up manners, patronizing behaviors and uppity act would melt away faster than an ice cube left outside during a hot summer afternoon. All those who right now might act arrogant; sadistically laugh; make insensitive jokes; look down; point a finger; say condescending things like 'who hurt you?', 'quit being depressed', or 'snap out of it', would be either shitting their own pants, asking themselves over and over 'why them' while displaying swollen watery eyes, begging for mercy, a quick death, or start crying like big babies while sporting a nose full of sticky and elastic snot that hangs all the way down into their chins. That would be the psychological report; those are the hard-hitting facts.

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6. Buried Tales of Willful Blindness:

How many people since the dawn of humanity have contracted a disease or illness that slowly destroyed them internally, and made them experience hell and back again? More than enough to make any reasonable person say to itself: 'I wouldn't wish that to anyone', billions of times over. Yet, you know 99% of those didn't mean it, while later proceeded to hypocritically multiply themselves a few times over...

How many casualties of war--with insane injuries like legs torn apart by mines, faces deformed by explosions, or heads filled with bullet holes--has the world witnessed since the first modern one broke off? More than enough to question it, and say to yourself: 'what's the point

of all this reckless nonsense', millions of times and more. Yet, you can very well tell that by the time the most current war you have heard of ends, five to ten other new ones have started...

How many dogs or cats have been burned alive or cruelly toyed with fireworks by savage idiots with nothing better to do because they thought this was so cool and fun, while giving them imaginary badassery points so far? More than enough to say 'this isn't worth it' thousands of times, that's for sure. Yet, you are already aware that the latest dog or cat you saw or heard of being victim of one of these attacks, won't be the last...

How many boys or girls have been taken by deranged pedophiles to be molested, murdered and later be discovered deceased, all beaten up or severely mutilated, and naked on some nearby woods since you can remember? More than enough to say 'let's nuke the entire planet' dozens of times, definitely. Yet, you also understand that the latest face of that random boy or girl (which can very well be a relative, or someone close) making it into the evening news, won't be the last, either...

The negative physical stimuli and the psychological distress and torture experienced by just one sentient being finding itself in any of these previously mentioned positions doesn't cut it, doesn't justify it; let alone the one of everyone in history who has been in a similar position, combined. Yet, over the years, the stellar landscape has seen unquantifiable amounts of horror, brutality, inhumanity, misery and painful deaths, every single day, hour after hour, minute after minute, every passing second.

And, you know what else you already now? This won't end tonight, tomorrow, or even the day after. None of this will have a happy Disney ending, as much as their delusional positive side will want to make them believe. The tragic biospheric freak show that everyone loves, defends and values so much, will carry on. And it will do it with its moronic, blindly optimistic tagline of: 'see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil'. That's how it will senselessly keep marching on, and on, and on grinding and grinding, until one day meeting its much needed demise...leaving behind a grotesquely nightmarish tale of useless, mind-boggling cosmic zilch.

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7. If you ask people in general what are some of the greatest things in life, you'll notice that you are going to get some pretty similar and consistent answers. In the top 12, you'll find things such as: music, movies, family, hobbies, love, sex, drugs, alcohol, food, travel, friendships, naps...and so on with many others. If one is not indulging in them, one is thinking about them. If one isn't thinking about them, is because one is presently very busy chasing after them. And if one isn't chasing after or doing something about them in one way or the other, is because that person is either already dead or in a vegetative comatose state...

Basically, they engross all the conscious time one has; not only from waking up to going back to bed, but also from birth to death. All that happens in between one's beginning and one's closure, revolves around these. Every movement, action, reaction, response, effort, and conscious or unconscious thought, is fueled by them.

Now, ask yourself: what do all these things have in common? Well, they all most certainly provide, generate, or are a gateway towards a much desired and needed temporary feel good sensation or ephemeral positive stimuli. Be them in the form of pleasure, comfort, distraction, satisfaction, fulfillment, happiness, elation and so on... Until the point that they generate a nasty, compulsive dependency and a dangerous fixation. And with a very good reason too, as on the other side of the spectrum, you'll find all the negative 'bad guys' (which unlike the momentary and artificially created 'good guys', are everlasting, constant, and exist there by default) that will come to molest and violate you if you don't do something to neutralize them. Such as: boredom, tedium, dissatisfaction, dullness, apathy, unhappiness, frustration, and an overall sense of unfulfilled psychological and physical businesses all around... Makes your skin crawl and arm hair raise just thinking about briefly experience only one of them, doesn't it? Of course it does, who hasn't been there in that position, and more than once?

So, if one digs a little deeper, one will also notice that behind all those, there's a mother feeling; one that houses them all. Which in case one hasn't figured it out by itself yet, is escapism. The need, desire and wish to escape. All the time; and the more and the longer, the better.

Escape from the torturous and suffocating prison of the body; from the tumultuous and inhospitable sentient jungle that is the mind; and lastly, from the chaotic mess that constitutes being part of a crowded biological reality as a whole, composed of other messes like oneself. All three realms to which a human is actively part of, are fully covered here, whether one likes it, or not.

A creature so addicted to this occurrence of wanting to perpetually escape, pursue a mental and physical state of ecstasy by getting away from the present moment, or chase so hard after the notion of living in blissful oblivion, can only mean one thing: this creature is an existential junkie. A failed biodroid that didn't need be. A heavy user that desperately needs some kind of interventional treatment...

But, after closer and further examination, the specialists realize that this creature cannot be properly cured. That all these mundane cravings, unavailing pursuits and pointless callings, are all part of its very essence and nature. By removing them, one takes away all it has. When deleting them, all there's left behind is a slice of empty flesh that breaths, moves, excretes warm bodily fluids and odorous solidified waste, together with acting automatically and without thinking. Making the only viable solution (and done as an act of mercy), being to send it back into the black endless void from whence it came, just like the defectuous product that should have never been fabricated to begin with that it is.

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8. Most of the self-presented as 'serious and objective studies' done in the past decade (or so), claiming that the world (understood as a synonym for humanity, obviously) is becoming a more peaceful and less violent place, are quite laughable, to say the least. Particularly, because they praise themselves for providing unique contemporary insight. Yet, they leave the most juicy part out on purpose because it would otherwise instantly evaporate whatever small sense of credibility they may have...

And, that very important and purposely left out part is that, the violence didn't magically go away, it simply morphed. It changed its superficial form to keep up with the current cultural times. It went from being mainly primitive and straightforward physical violence in the past, to keeping a lot of that to this day too, but at the same time adding this new and more subtle (but still very complex and modern) form of multilayered psychological violence. You can currently see this everywhere, and have probably heard about (and have personally experienced, too) more than one: false accusations; revenge porn; paranoia inducement; blame-shifting; character assassination; destruction of confidence; self-esteem damage; incivility; intimidation; compulsive lying; mobbing; gaslighting; emotional manipulation; emotional blackmailing; phishing; ghosting; menticide; guilt trips; name calling; gossiping; taunting; teasing; abuse of power and authority; sextortion; trivialization of mental illnesses; peer pressure; disinformation; propaganda; indoctrination; systematic brainwashing; verbal belittlement (to the point of pushing others to commit suicide); doxing; online shaming; online child abuse; devaluing; playing the victim and/or victim blaming; cruel mind games in their many different forms; narcissism in the form of megalomania; scapegoating; public defamation; public embarrassment; mental harassment; romance scams; cyberstalking; controlling behavior; coercive control; ostracizing; silent treatment... Yeah, you get the point: the list is pretty, pretty big.

The old cavemen used to hit each other in the head with a blunt weapon. The new cavemen on the other hand, are a bit more sophisticated, so they play twenty-first-century mental tricks, or grab a phone, and do some cyberbullying. The past version of an evil practice was doing something to make the other person cry or feel bad, now the updated next step is to post it online, so that everyone else can make that person feel bad too. Same shit, different smell, and little more intensified, basically.

The world is as belligerent and vicious as ever... Only that as the technological times change, the way we socialize evolves and the type of interaction modernizes itself, so does the type of violence; which is clearly much more cerebral these days. The scars used to be mainly external, and now they are mostly internal.

Which type of violence is worse, does more damage, hurts more and causes long-term trauma for the longest, is subjective and debatable. Mainly because the coping capacity, susceptibility, mental endurance, strength and vitality varies with each individual. So, everyone deals and puts up with the psychological part differently, but it's all hollow and senseless savagery nevertheless…

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9. Isn't quite weird how we take totally for granted that, the only reason why nature documentaries are rated G (for general audiences), and can be shown in schools to kids or be put on TV at all hours, is because they are severely trimmed, cleverly cut, conveniently edited and also toned down dramatically?

Imagine making them see the ordinary reality of a recently born reindeer calf, walking right next to his mother. Both are starvingly looking for food because of the harsh season, and happen to fall a little behind of the rest of the herd. Now, because of this, the calf is about to be attacked by a common predator, the opportunistic golden eagle, which is also starving. The reindeer mother obviously cannot do anything

to save her young one, so she has to watch in real time how the golden eagle comes flying down from the sky, and buries its long, sharp claws into the baby reindeer, slowly killing him. The golden eagle will instinctively proceed to take the prey away from the mother (whom is still trying to protect the dead body), only to moments later rip it apart with its strong beak and a feast of blood, entrails, tendons, and muscles will ensue. Meanwhile, for the desolated mother, the only thing left do is to quickly process with a mixture of expressive shock and sadness over her face, what just happened; then mourn the loss amidst sentimental pain and confusion for a few minutes; and finally, try to catch up with the rest of the herd once more, before other predators notice what an easy prey she is as well, and attempt to creep on her because this is the harsh truth of the wild.

Possible reactions of the kids after seen nature for what it truly is: Teacher, you mean to tell me that over 75% of all newborns are actually quick snacks or the equivalent of McDonald's fast food, for older and bigger predators? Daddy, mommy, did you two know that cannibalism between the species is fairly common? Wait, so behind the superficial beauty and the self-instilled anthropocentric sense of romanticism, is this planet nothing more than a wasteful and futile slaughterhouse?

You might as well show the kids hardcore pornography, it will traumatize them and make them question the meaning, purpose, goal and point of life much, much less than when exposed to nature at raw.

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10. Yes, in a special snowflake kind of sense and when using the periodic table, you are 'made of star stuff' (or whatever). But, right now, in the current physical state you find yourself in, you have more in common with a 'piñata' than a celestial body. As you're just a biological container; a meaty vessel. Albeit one that instead of being filled with fun toys, tasty fruits and colorful sweets, has lots of revolting looking organs, freaky flesh tissue, and plenty of viscous fluids.

Trust me, I spent enough time on bestgore, liveleak and watching videos of autopsies to know what I am talking about, haha. And, I can tell you that all that 'star stuff' doesn't appear as majestic here as it does in outer space. And, unlike out there, where it goes to form planets, moons, nebulas, comets and asteroids, that star stuff here is used to create assholes, dicks, cunts, backstabbers, rapists, murderers, child molesters, and animal abusers; basically, nothing to be too proud of or anything to brag about, if you ask me.

So, next time you want to feel cosmically special, remember than even massive turds, puddles of vomit, and pints of urine also contain parts of the universe in them; as they are all full of rich nutrients, lovely minerals and precious water. But, if you like quasi-delusional, feel-good metaphors like the being made of star stuff, here's one: toilets are like black holes, as they often swallow all three.

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11. You gotta love those people who actually believe in that saying/quasi-scientific notion that: "Human beings are the universe experiencing itself for a little while". Such a new level of ludicrous nonsense. Truly exquisite.

Brace yourselves, you're in for a wild ride throughout the utter mundanity and humdrumness of everyday life: Apparently the universe couldn't wait experience what is like to bleed to death from a stab wound after getting mugged in a parking lot for a shitty wallet and some old car. Apparently the universe though that it was a great idea to en up in the middle of a school shooting and receive a point-blank bullet to the head. Apparently the universe became momentarily human just to witness with its own eyes how shitty the Game of Thrones ending truly was. Apparently for the universe it was a great idea to be born as a hated minority around the late 1930s or early 1940s, just to end up becoming a slave for the SS and do hard labor for them while suffering from starvation and getting beat everyday, as so to earn a death from malnutrition and internal wounds. Apparently the universe was dying to figure out what it's like to spend plus 8 hours locked in an office or building performing mind-numbing, repetitive tasks, just to make ends meet and be able to support biological necessities and psychological desires. Apparently the universe was screaming to get some type of cancer, later fight a long, arduous battle against it, only to get better for a little while, and eventually die anyway from a heart-attack or diabetes. Apparently the universe believed that it would be great to experience what is like to get accidentally electrocuted in your early 20s, and die after several weeks prostrated on a hospital bed. Apparently the universe loves to get involved in horrible car crashes every single day, and with that meet an end in a wide variety of gory and appealing creative ways. Apparently the universe thought it was awesome to become human, and experience what it is like to catch polio or be born with cerebral palsy, hell to the yeah. Apparently the universe wanted to experience what is like to end up in jail for a crime you didn't commit thanks to a flaw in the system, and get ass raped for months. Apparently the universe enjoyed the idea of meeting an end after battling against crippling depression for decades. Apparently the universe loved to know what it was like getting his or her heart broken, being unable to recover, and commit suicide afterwards to finally end the pain. Apparently the universe wanted to see what murder, torture and postmortem sexual abuse is all about, so it became a necrophiliac serial killer. Apparently the universe wanted to feel like a real man, so it went hunting wild African animals since it's such a rush. Apparently the universe wanted to feel even more like a real man, so it became an alcoholic, married several wives who he used as punching bags, and had several children whom he loved to beat the shit out of. Apparently the universe wanted to do some legalized murder and later get PTSD, so it joined the army. Apparently the universe loves fires so much, that it became several different people, just to seem them all perish inside a building that got scorched to its bare structure. Apparently the universe also always wanted to drown in some exotic part of south east Asia during a massive tsunami while vacationing there, go figure. Apparently the universe wanted to know how it feels to possess a rectum and unleash a massive morning dump after ingesting a complete high-fiber breakfast from the perspective of a bipedal organic entity, imagine the fun. Apparently the universe wanted to know as well how it feels to fart under the sheets, and then get a big hit by smelling the gases, since it's such a unique experience. Apparently the universe wanted to watch reruns of Seinfeld and play Fortnite all day from the couch, that's what is all about baby. Apparently the universe wanted to go to a party as a teenager, get drunk as fuck then puke behind the couch and lie that it wasn't him/her

that caused the mess. Well, you probably get the picture by now, but if not, know that there's always more. Oh, so much more ridiculous bullshit like these ones that compose the picturesque story of humanity.

Oh, Universe... You party animal. You crazy son of a b...ig bang. You adrenaline junkie. You adventurously wild you.

Millions of years to get here, and slowly evolve this wonderful (more like woeful, actually) thing we call human experience, now it all makes sense. One could say what a joke, but the funny thing is that this is what is seriously going on. Just like a narcissistic man-child, the universe simply wanted to smell its own fart and be able to document it, lovely...

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12. Some individuals say that in life, every day is a school day... That, every day, you learn something new and different... Well true, that's correct, to some extent... However, what they don't tell you though, is that 99% of that stuff is pure garbage information that you either didn't need to know; or, that you not knowing about it, wouldn't have change a single thing of your lousy and feeble human existence...

Just like finding out that in some far away part of the world, the boiled scrotum of some weird native animal, is a delicacy...mouth-watering. That in some parts of medieval Europe, the common people used to shit in buckets, and then throw the contents at the equivalents of modern politicians and other contemporary forms of authority...sounds like fun. That a snail can sleep for three years; yeah, envy all you want, I'll let you slowly digest that one while you have to work and study all day just to survive, attend the needs of your mind and body, make ends meet and make it through the day. That some birds can use their own vomit as defensive projectiles when they feel threatened or in danger shooting it at great speeds and distances...birds are so classy. That the male and female indigenous people of Chamamatuipalanga (obviously a made up place, yet nothing far away from reality) offer their pubic hair to a vicious almighty spirit that otherwise would torment them if not pleased with its weird and creepy fetish...nice example of how far human delusion can go. That the universe is made almost entirely of empty space; yes, even if it looks full, when compressed, it is as empty as your colon after a massive morning bowel movement. That around 99.99% of individuals choke on their own saliva at least once in their lifetime...ha, clumsy fucks. Or, scientific gold ones like that no matter how clean your bathroom is, it is still swarming with pee and poop particles all over the place (including your toothbrush) because every time that you flush the toilet with the lid open, tiny particles of water containing urine and feces fly all over the place. And so on with a billion other inconsequential, little fun facts like these...

All in all, this is clearly part of the zealot Pollyanna mentality that infects reality with their forced-feed attempts to make believe that we live in a magical and overly-exciting world. We all have witnessed one of those gushing eggheads proudly sporting their holier-than-thou attitude believing that they have useful information that no one else possesses, telling something totally commonplace and ordinary, like it is an otherworldly occurrence. Like you are being given the unique opportunity to acquire ancient knowledge because they are so charitable and sharing. Selling the universe itself, which is a black void of inhospitable chaos, stellar explosions and violent collisions, as if it is

Disneyland. With their child-like expressions of exhilaration on their faces that, speaks more about delusion and psychosis than anything else, even when masqueraded as harmless and juvenile enthusiasm.

So yeah, when cutting with the sugar-coating bullshit and silly euphemisms, the comings and goings or whereabouts of animals, insects, humans, celestial objects (and to make it all-inclusive, anything else that exists too), are mildly amusing at best. Just once, the first time you hear it obliviously, and for a very short period of time too; since it becomes yesterday's news in the blink of an eye.

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13. The problem is that the story of life is always told by the living and the survivors... They are the ones writing the script, and affirming that it's all worth it... But, what about the silenced voices, the forgotten or unknown faces, and those that never even had any saying in all this, huh?

What would that baby, born only to die moments after being born because of a respiratory complication, or that other one dying barely a year and a half after birth because her alcoholic father beat her to death, or that toddler whose mother decided over her freedom and got rid of him by faking a drowning getting away with murder, have to say about this? What about that young WWII soldier whose story ended shortly after reaching the beaches of Normandy? That twenty something girl that was kidnapped, raped and sliced into eight pieces like a chicken, whose killer was never caught? That medieval teenager that contracted dysentery, typhoid or leprosy and died a horribly gross, bloody, messy and utterly painful death? All those oblivious cows, pigs and deer whose highlight in life is to end up either on display in a supermarket or in someone's fancy dinner plate?

You would seriously think more than 1% of them would do it all over again if they knew their fate beforehand? If they could sit and watch on a screen their future unfold in a short movie? No way. 99% would never agree to being conceived if they had any real saying after taking a peek into the outcome of their lives... They know it, I know it, and you know it.

It's grim; it's bleak; certainly not a notion that everyone can easily accept or grasp, but it's the hard cold truth…

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14. Ever notice that if you refer to someone as a breathing, defecating, self-conscious bag of decomposing meat--in the great majority of cases--they will take it the wrong way, get mad at you, and probably become offended? And, the funny thing is that, this occurs because of all the erroneous reasons... That is to say that this happens given that they reject this referential denominations internally considering by default (thanks to their self-preservational egos) that, they are so much more than this; obviously less disgusting; a lot less insignificant; and so much more biologically valuable in the face of an uncaring, bleak and cold universe that looks down on them with total indifference...

Oh yes, in the course of a lifetime, you will be able to count with your fingers how many logically accept their condition as a failed organic experiment that crawled out from the womb of wildly unreasonable and nonsensically abstract universal forces. For all the rest, you have to be prepared to deal with the infantile anger, annoying sense of self-importance and overall emotional imbalance that rapidly appears when put face-to-face with these realizations... Look at them as they go all out war with claws and teeth, to defend their silly and vacuous existential delusion.

15. Time for the annual share of an improved and revamped old classic... Concise, all-inclusive, and to the point. Just like some of you like it. Enjoy.

"I strongly dislike this common and blindly optimistic phrase: '"Who knows what the future might hold? The possibilities are endless..." I believe that it is just a deceitful and delusive phrase plenty of people like to tell to each other. For the most part, to create a facade or falsely cheer one another up; and with that, avoid facing mental distress by ignoring the sad reality of their current existential situation.

And well, actually, we do know... Perhaps not with complete exactitude, but we can get a pretty fucking accurate idea. Excuse my French, as in this case, is totally needed for the descriptive emphasis...

The future certainly holds death, for everything and everyone. Not a single universal creation (from stars; to planets; to trees; to people; to animals; etc.) is exempt from the damage caused slowly but surely by the pass of time. Who consumes, exhausts, shrivels, decomposes and turns into dust with a passive yet ravenous, neverending sense of hunger.

And, before death, there are a limited amount of utterly mundane, overall insignificant and objectively meaningless occurrences, events and situations that could happen to someone and that a person could end up experiencing. Many of those—depending on the current social situation, deterministic genetic composition and bounding personality traits—can already start to be discarded, as they have almost zero chances of ever happening other than inside the individual's imagination.

You know how they say in Hollywood, one in a million? Well, that could be applied to anything you can think of. And the fact that 99.99% of the world's population lives a run-of-the-mill (sleep, eat, shit, study, work, socialize, fool around, daydream, and repeat until you die) caricaturesque, soap opera existence confirms that.

Not to mention that none of it—not even the best or most desired case scenario of a combination of amazing things happening—will have a significant impact whatsoever on anything other than better help distracting (or brain fogging) the sentient parasitic flesh-droid in case from the fact that it is inevitably vanishing towards nothingness. About to disappear from the face of the earth while saying bye bye to life forever. And, that their forced emergence from the intangible cosmic void into perceptive reality, just to momentarily begin to purposelessly swim around lost in a sea of stellar indifference, was monumentally futile and indescribably absurd."

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16. It's so easy and simple to tell that the IUCN (International Union for Conservation of Nature, to those who don't know) is full of oblivious life-loving zealots (said without the intention to humiliate or offend, just used as a referential denomination) under the effect of Stockholm syndrome towards nature and existence—that have no idea about the basis of futilitarian ideology or efilistic philosophy—just by looking at their ludicrous graphics and endangered categories...

Least concern? Ha! Least concern my ass... EVERY living/sentient creature lives perpetually in danger. From their inception, all the way to their demise. In danger of being eaten (most likely while agonizing in pain and still very aware of what's going on), hunted (not only by humans, but by a variety of different species), mauled (violent and bloody competition over resources, mating, territory and status), tortured, injured, captured, etc.

After all, if someone is going to apply the term 'endangered species' only at such a critical moment like when found at the verge of extinction, it makes it seem as if everything is going well up to that point. Or, that the existing conditions previous to that scenario were adequate along the way up until things hit rock bottom and shit hits the fan. And, as I exemplified in the paragraph above, this isn't the case, at all. Using it with such selective appliance and so arbitrarily at random, will undoubtedly make it overlook most if not all of its impact value. It's all a bunch of sugarcoating euphemistic nonsense, if you ask me...

Only ones who truly fit the category of 'least concern', are those who are already extinct. Those have nothing to worry about. Nothing to fear. Nothing to be bothered by. Those are the only ones who have been released from the vicious cycle of mindless consumption, reckless reproduction, and survival for the sake of survival at insanely high costs and always with diminishing returns. Those aren't part of this failed biological experiment or the play toys of sadistic mother nature anymore...

Therefore, it's quite alarming to notice that for so many people it would never answer their heads that extinction is actually a universal positive. The only proper getaway towards ultimate freedom, from both, the prison of the body/flesh, and from the instinctive machinations of the torture chamber that is the mind (well, maybe this descriptive last one mostly applies to humans and a few other highly-intelligent, empathetic and sensitive animals to a lesser extent too, but still you probably get the allusion). And, it's thus by default just blindly assumed that this is a negative that must be avoided by all means. Oh, the poor clueless bastards, no one doubts their good intentions and desire to do the right thing, but is precisely that sort of perilous naiveté that generates ten times more evil, suffering, harm and wrongs.

Take humans, for example. At almost 8 billion, and far far away from anything close to extinction, they are the ones to be very 'concerned' about. Maybe they are no 'endangered' as the official instilled or dictionary meaning of the word, but they find themselves definitely 'in danger'. Considering what a huge portion of those 8 billion exist in nasty, unhygienic conditions; die of horrible diseases; experience cold, thirst and hunger on a daily basis; are deprived of many basic necessities; and live constantly at war with each other and themselves, if you know what I mean... And if you don't, just a superficial investigative inspection of their comings and goings is more that enough to create a nice mental image or report to put you up to situational date with the ordeals of the world.

[In the comments section]:

[Matthias Jablonka]: [Anonymous], there was a comment notification from you on my mail, but it seems that you have deleted it. Anyhow, I will give you an answer anyway because it was a good, relevant and important question...

So, your question was something like: What does one do with all these realizations? Well, for obvious out of hand reasons, on a big scale of things, there's little that one can do because one cannot change neither the animal's natural programming, nor the humans' natural programming, nor behavioral nature as a whole. These things will continue to occur probably until the end of days. This is how things are, and while one can analyze them and explore deep into these existential dilemmas, it would require such an inhuman or godly amount of power, organization, energy, planning and execution of said plan to make a big change or noticeable impact.

However, not all is grey. On an individual/personal level, there's plenty that one can do to contribute. Mainly in the reducing suffering and minimizing pain department. If one cares about the well-being of the animals, for example, going vegan and not using or buying products that generate more harm is always a good thing. The more demand there is for animal related raw goods such as meat, fur, or simply entertainment, the more new animals will be breed, exploited and used. Spaying/Neutering is also preferable, to avoid unwanted critters running around without a home or family. Boycotting, protesting and other forms of activism also do their small part sometimes, although the reality is that one is going against ruthless corporations and money hungry cynical industries that will stop at nothing...

When it comes to human business, Antinatalism is actually the perfect way to completely avoid a wide set of negatives altogether, by avoiding bringing a new person into this messy world. I strongly believe that this is by far the greatest offering that one can do for the cause. You are not only preventing a new life from becoming stranded in the mess of life, you are also eliminating all the wrongs that this person may voluntarily or involuntary cause to others or itself.

Sicknesses; mental illnesses; inevitability of death; aging; physical and psychological deterioration; drug addiction; alcoholism; abuse; existential discontent or dissatisfaction; unemployment; oppression; murder; violence; disillusion; poverty; depression; meat consumption; war; natural disasters; death of a love one; these are all facts of life and no person is immune or free of them. In fact, more likely than not, one will end up experiencing many of these during the course of its life, even when a false sense of optimism and invulnerability says to them otherwise...

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17. You know who else probably possessed a really immense ego, and at some point the internal voice of its brain said to itself something like: 'look how badass and significant I am'; or, at least believed that it was: 'oh so cosmically important and supreme'. Well, let's start with some very common examples then: that charismatic soldier who died from a nasty rifle headshot that blew chunks of his brain out of his ruined skull while fighting in some stupid war to protect or secure the interests of rich cunts who don't even care for him anymore (or

remember him at all now), several years ago, leaving behind three kids without a father, a broken and devastated family, and a now severely depressed wife... That joyful and energetic kid who dreamed with becoming a renowned football star, and got ran over by a drunk pickup truck driver during one warm and sunny day, when he was out riding the new bike that he received as a present from his beloved aunt and uncle for his 13th birthday... That strong-willed woman who accidentally choked to death with a small piece of carrot at a restaurant, while she was having a fancy dinner with her husband, as they were happily celebrating the anniversary of them being 20 years together; now forever remaining totally oblivious that he was cheating on her with a much younger woman, and was planning on telling that he was going to leave her at the end of the day... That affluent businessman who worked for a very successful company and died in a horrible car accident because he was running late for a private meeting with a very important international client, so he thought that it was a good idea to go beyond the speed limit and ended up losing control over the vehicle and violently crashed; an entire lifespan building a big bank account and now zero chances to spend a penny of it because death nullified all of his desires, needs dreams and wants... That gleeful girl who had intense dreams to become an elite gymnast and win lots of Olympic gold medals for her proud nation, but one day a tiny mistake made her fail her landing, causing her to crack her skull open against the floor, and left her agonizing for several weeks at the hospital, until she succumbed to her wounds and died...

Ha, egos completely destroyed by the certainty of death from one moment to the other, like they were old ventriloquist dummies that no longer serve a purpose because they are ragged from too much use, and are about to be replaced by other newer dummies who will follow the same cyclic path, eventually...

Humans have this big brain that likes to play tricks on them, making them think that they are in control, secure, and that they have everything figured out. That they matter and that they have great universal value or cosmic impact as well... When, in reality, they are just feeble containers of decaying flesh stuffed with self-awareness; putrefying meat toys of nature hallucinating a psychological false sense of self-importance; fragile and delicate ceramic dolls that can break into a hundred little pieces with just one little push.

They are are less than nothing on an everyday scale, so imagine in the big scheme of things ... yeah, just as your gut tells you, don't be afraid to acknowledge it: living, breathing, defecating slices of pure and ultimate zilch. Specks of dust, being blown away towards oblivion by the relentless cold winds of spatial nothingness. A short-lived and weak moment of luminescence, who finds itself trapped inside a vast, obscure and intimidating empty room; one that remains totally silent and utterly indifferent to everything they feel or say, together with whatever thing that they do or accomplish...

Inconsolable creatures drunkenly balancing on the edge of a bleak chasm. Yet, pushed forward by hope, faith, love, instinctive drive and other irrational forces helping them remain blind and deny that they are always one step away from being embraced by the eternal blankness that awaits beyond the borders of life, while they find themselves lost and stranded in big scary universe for the duration of the surreal ride. Creatures that should have never left coziness of their only true home: the eternal abyss of nothingness that lies in blissful nonexistence.

18. As Dry & Lifeless As the Surface of Mars

"The existence of carbon-based lifeforms as we know them, represent such a rare, wonderful, magical and unique planetary occurrence—officially credited only to the Earth thus far, in our mindbogglingly massive universe—that, we have gone murderously wild... Liquidation is our middle name... And, butchery our most profitable business...

Were to begin... And, I don't say this because of lack of direction or confusion, but simply because there's so much nonsense to address. Oh well, let's see, why not with the ugly fact that usual human activities are stained and infested with day-to-day crime related small murders that make the headlines one day, only to be forgotten or replaced by a new story on the next day; medium monthly incidents full of violence and brutality, with thousands of people ending traumatized, medicated, dealing with PTSD, or rotting in jail; big annual wars that leave behind countless of dead bodies filled with stab wounds, missing body parts, and nasty bullet holes. These all have in common that they are bad violent news; be it human against human, human against animals, animals against animals (even if is not done with malice and is just them trying to eat and survive), and humans against nature itself, popping' up everywhere and all over the world, just to show and demonstrate how much we appreciate and value something that took millions of years to form and took who knows how many years of selective evolution to be created... Let me send you a weapon of mass destruction right into your remote village, just to show how much we value living and existence.

This one very few care or will even find it shocking considering that it is so normalized and completely passed a process of accustomization by now. But, we constantly engage in things like pest control, relentless extermination and hunting to the point of extinction. Rendering or labeling who knows how many species as just useless nuisance. Forgetting that behind all this, we are still taking about lives here, and not just things that only cause trouble and serve no anthropocentric interest. Ants, rodents, spiders, mosquitoes, roaches and others of their similar kind experiencing their own quiet holocausts all the time...

Huge negative ecological impact over both, sea and land. Generated solely by human hands in the name of necessity and progress. Causing the mass extinction of hundreds or even thousands of uncommon species that are never coming back, more and more as time goes by. Together with the mostly irreversible damage done to the planet's atmosphere as well...

A long list of animals that are made to compete and fight each other just for survival. Without any need of human intervention for the most part since nature and its life game take good care of that. And then comes the human made damage resulting in nasty injuries, ugly deformations, brutal amputations, and often simply painfully bleeding to death, just for the vain sake of amusement, and an addiction to gambling and money...

The meat industry, ha, we don't have to go there. Even the most ignorant person knows about the horrors that occur there. But since it is just so horrible and morally conflicting, that turning their backs on it and giving it a blind eye has proven to be a more than effective way to deal with it and keep a clear conscience throughout the centuries.

Related to the above, chick culling by the millions every passing year is also worthy of mention by itself. Oh yeah, want to experience the very definition of possessing an utterly meaningless, insignificant and pointless existence? Be born as a male chick, that is all. Tossed away like a dirty old rag that serves absolutely no purpose to the business, moments after birth... Abundance and the easy option to replace doesn't justify what's done with the life of oblivious creatures that are sentenced to die by default.

Yeah, talk about an eccentric and flamboyant way to celebrate this little biological 'miracle'. Millions of years to get to this unique evolutionary point (again, not only in our planet, or our galaxy, but in the entire universe this event can be found or seen), only to become a thing of use. And good luck if you are one of those things that has no use or serves no purpose, yeah, good luck.

Wait, tell me again how all kinds of organic forms of existence are precious and beautiful? Not even the most delusional, Pollyanna life-lovers believe their own crap. Please, this thing is just a horrific self-sustained cosmic slaughterhouse... And then there's those who want to find life in other places, ha. Why, to do the same operation kill, torture, enslave, consume and destroy that's being done over there since the dawn of times? Anyone with a bit of values, principles and brains, would empathetically wish for a drastic event that leaves this place as dry and lifeless as the surface of Mars."

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19. "A very common and popular behavioral/psychological question is: Why are humans so mean/hateful/antagonistic to each other? I mean, isn't the answer here an easy, no-brainier and painfully obvious one? Sure is, but for the sake of exploration, let's dig out a little deeper...

Okay, here we go: Well, why wouldn't they be a bunch of hostile bastards, when you realize things such as that they all (billions on a tiny sphere, let's remember that and keep it in mind during this exploratory voyage) have to coexist with their different goals, desires, mannerisms, opinions and personalities; while being put on a planet with a bunch of finite resources that, already have ownership and a price tag on them. Which also have to get paid, as well all know with printed paper on the surface, but actually, is paid with sweat, tears, blood and vitality, if you know what I mean...

Why wouldn't they be so annoying baleful, while they compete all the time over (quite banal, trivial and one could even say cosmically insignificant, when looking at the bigger picture) things like attention, recognition, fame, possessions, status and so on. It's a peaceful on the surface, hellish on the inside, all out war out there..and so it has been since the dawn of life, not for this species, but for all of them.

Why wouldn't they get into vain battles to see who is the smartest, the strongest, the meanest, the fastest, the most badass, the one who deserves this or that the more (and even go to extents of killing, hurting, terrorizing and humiliating each other to achieve the goal and finally make a statement), if this is what nature has built them for, and is also pretty much the intended outcome for them to be doing. Just like any other animal or creature on this earth, they are bound to the gladiator war of survival and procreation; while pursuing an addictive search towards anything that makes them feel good and gives them pleasure, no matter the consequences or the cost.

I think the real question here is: Why are they even nice to each other? Why do sometimes it seems like the good prevails over all this bad, and ultimately sends rays of hope leaving many naively thinking: "maybe it's not so bad after all", "maybe this species can grow, change and become a better version of itself someday"? That's what really makes no sense given the rules of the game and the base conditions the game is played on as well. As one can notice, the answer is actually quite simple, and it doesn't require one to be well-read on certain subjects or even possess that much comprehension over these matters either...

So finally, when you also understand that behind that niceness there's nothing more than vacuous egotism masqueraded as benign altruism, everything said in the previous paragraph, comes back to haunt and make itself present. Mainly because it completely undresses that niceness to its bare bones, and shows it for what it truly is. Sometimes pity; other times mercy or remorse; perhaps shame at times; but what they all have in common is that they are being used with the intention to make oneself or a group of people feel good, while receiving a congratulatory self pat on the back. Thus, showing that everything good that comes out of it is, therefore, the product of beneficial causality, and not a move made out of neighborly action. And if you ask me, that's pretty fucking sad and infinitely pathetic."

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20. Existence/life is pain, get used to it? No, you stupid dummy. If you possess a brain with the capacity to do such math and acknowledge such biological reality that existence/life is mainly an abyss of ordeals with sporadic sparkles of relief here and there precisely from said pains, miseries and ordeals, you don't doom other sentient beings exactly to that same injurious fate...

Were are not in the Dark Ages anymore; God won't be angry for your sins; no one will stone you to death or hang you for your crimes of no 'contributing to humanity', whatever the fuck that even means. This is the 21st century, and these days getting a vasectomy, having your tubes tied, or even aborting if the damage is already done, are all fast, safe and standard procedures... That's how simple it is to spare future centers of suffering and deprivation from coming into existence. It's not rocket science, and it takes minimal effort.

No excuses anymore. No need to 'get used to it'. To 'walk it off' or 'bear with it anymore'. Antinatalism/efilism offer a clean and proper solution. All you even dreamed of, right here right now.

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21. Easiest way to come into the realization that you are a cosmic sentient slave, is to put this conceptual idea of you as an active self (the voice inside your head, and how you usually experience consciousness through the senses while awake) on one side, and then the body and the subconscious mind (which includes instincts, knee-jerk reactions and the like) on the other side. Once you have done that division, you have to clearly see three separate entities, internal voice, corporeal self and the automated mind, all in the same imagery. Now, isolate the first one as if it were in a room with a large one-way mirror like the ones used for interrogations. And, the other two go put together in the separate adjacent bigger room. The idea is to momentarily make them unaware that they are under examination, and then you can start asking questions like these ones: Did you need to rest, nap or a full night of sleep, or your body needed all that slumbering? Were you bored out of your mind to the point of experiencing apathy, ennui or even taedium vitae, or your brain was acknowledging all that? Was it you that had to pee, shower and take care of other physical necessities, or was it your meat vessel? Were you craving for social interaction and contact with others humans or animals as a means to distract your own voidness and emptiness at the core of this activities, or was it a combination of mind and body sending out those signals? And so on with many other typical day-to-day examples that you might not even recognize as such because of accustomization, life puppetry, and since it all happens automatically, instinctive or by reflect by now.

You are and represent--figuratively speaking of course--the crew and captain of a massive Ocean liner. The highly-demanding passengers, will be (and for the whole duration of the voyage too), loudly voicing out their wants, desires and wishes. And, you have to deliver or they will let you know how dissatisfied and annoyed they are. The ship itself requires certain things to be done in order to not break down, stay afloat and keep on properly function. And, once again, you are also the one that has to make sure all of that is made possible by giving, fixing and keeping an eye to all that it needs.

Now, if you so desire to put all the previously said into words without the use of metaphor or allegory, you can safely say that your container constitutes a very complex piece of biological machinery created by evolution through its adaptive existence; while your brain is an intricate supercomputer living inside this big piece of machinery, linked to an organic network system that has you as a visible face, but you aren't the one in charge. You aren't the true big boss here. You may feel as if you are under control, but you are not. It's actually the entirely opposite, they are in full control of you. You are their finger puppet. The feeble and inconsequential marionette.

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22. Adulthood is basically a continuation of all the mess, chaos and uncertainty that awoke and presented itself to you during adolescence—even more so if you hit hard against the age of reason. But, with added responsibilities, complex societal demands and much more 'serious' (yes, serious is a word people usually like to use when facing meaningless, menial and commonplace predicaments to give themselves a nice moral boost and the psychological sense that these things are important, just play along) ordeals, worries and preoccupations... And that occurs while you are adjusting to pretending that you have everything relatively under control, that you are a fully

functional being, and had figured out how to handle most of it...as you often delve in nostalgic drawbacks inside your mind generated by giving in to pressure and stress that, will make you long to get back a taste of that sweet and precious innocence and carefree views of the world, that you lost when childhood was over...

All of this of course, also happening at the same time that you become fully aware of your own cosmic insignificance and mortality; while realizing that death starts to creep towards you faster and faster. Is that it? No, no. As you are digesting this, there's more. Yes, more, because you will come to terms with the notion that you will most likely leave behind by the time that death comes, tons of unanswered whys about life, and hows regarding the universe and the world itself. Together with a handful side stories that revolve around the interactions and relationships that you built with other members of your species (with parents, friends, ex-friends, partners and ex-partners included), that will culminate without any proper resolution or conclusion, even if you had forgotten, grew apart and lost touch with them by then. But, since you will soon be death and then they will die too, it won't really matter anyway. Can't say that you won't worry, be affected or get all sensitive at some point either way tough.

So yeah, no neat and tidy happy ending whatsoever, just a bunch of nonsense and clutterness scattered all over the place; yet, given that the black screen of demise will leave a permanent sense of amnesiac nothingness erasing everything that enfolded from day one to the last, it will be as if it never happened, so that's close enough. Blissful blankness for all eternity, right after existing the inferno.

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23. In proper/classical vampiric folklore, being bitten by one of these creatures of the night, is considered a major affliction/torment. Primarily because the person will inevitably become tragical living death; with an eternal sense of lust, thirst and hunger that, can only be satiated by consuming the blood of the living. Unable to rest, break free, or ever achieve closure from all this...

Now, in human folklore--from the dawn of intelligent life here on earth, passing all the way through the dark ages, to these fueled by prescription drugs hectic modern times--the imposition of sentience, is commonly assumed to be a great gift. One that should be cherished and valued as the best thing that could happen so someone. Even when what comes along with this so-called lovely burden, are nothing but psychological voids, corporeal encumbrances, and existential deprivations. Justified by a severe and nasty addiction to these sporadic, hard-to-find and brief moments of mental relief, physical pleasure and abstract positive stimuli... A gift that leaves one constituting one big hole made out of hundreds of other little holes, trying to fill itself until death comes, and ceases the repetitive and pointless nightmarish ordeal.

Junkies, if you must; without any real universal reason or cosmic need to exist, but to be constantly searching for the next soothing hit--of whatever addictive good stuff they are consuming. To pass the time; to burn the days; to endure the years; to kill a wretched lifetime.

The similarities here are astonishing. Except perhaps that one occurs naturally, and the other one was purposely conceived by a talented mind with a taste for the macabre; with the intention to instill fear, despair, and an everlasting sense of personal misery always lurking around the corner. Yet, only one (the worst one, by far, according to the judgment of any sane and reasonable person) is seen as a curse, while the other one is openly and unashamedly celebrated. Together with being passed on to others all the time along with the unquestionable societal notion that, this is a heavenly blessing...

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24. This piece was brought up earlier today in a conversation with a page follower. And, since quite some time has passed from when it was first posted (over 2 years ago), here it is again. For the new readers, but mostly because it's an all-time classic too...

"Here are some of the many reasons of why I avoid watching the news, haven't attempted to read any newspaper in a long, long time, or why I never even bother or care to find out about all the retarded, shallow & melodramatic existential nonsense that goes on daily out there inside this putrid, decaying world:

Absurd car, train and plane accidents, caused 99% of the time by human stupidity, recklessness, and the lack of responsibility. Suicides; murders; rapes.

Mindless violence and shootings. Some savage protests here and there.

Celebrity drama; celebrity gossip. Idiotic socio-political bullshit.

Irrelevant military conflicts happening somewhere around the globe.

Wars started for the stupid love of power and to gain control over some shitty natural resources existing on an insignificant little blue dot in the middle of nowhere that only serve to secure survival and continue to perpetuate the hell of sentience and the nightmare of existence.

Small riots; medium riots; big riots. Poverty; hunger; illnesses; diseases.

Generic and moronic cute relief stories to provide escapism used to forget the horrors of reality and momentarily feel a little better about this hellish existence.

A few minutes of some animal doing something silly or funny to kill some time and fill existential emptiness. A stupid scientific discovery that won't change or alter the futility, uselessness and the meaningless of reality & existence in any possible way.

Sports crap, and some more sports crap. The celebration or commemoration of some monumental bullshit that happened at some other point in time.

Morons arguing over some harebrained horseshit aspect of society such as food, jobs, salary, marriage, traffic, the weather, and how high the price of some crappy commodity is nowadays. Advertising and commercials desperately trying to sell you crap that you do not really

need, being constantly shoved in your face, together with some other entertainment shit specifically designed to keep everyone enough mentally sedated, diverted and in a passive state, randomly thrown in there as well.

Drug problems; religious fights; social chaos everywhere; natural disasters.

Someone unknown or famous that died in an interesting way or suffered a weird tragedy that will touch people for a little while, being used as filler content for an entire week or two, providing people more free entertainment and something else to discuss, so that they can distract themselves from the colossal pool of shit and vomit that are their boring, long, vacuous and repetitive life encounters with consciousness and awareness...

And, this is just to mention a little something, because then there are who knows how many more ridiculous situational events and/or personal/social dramas that aren't even worth mentioning because I couldn't care any less about them, as they are all as absurd and inconsequential to the big scheme of things as they can get, happening somewhere out there too at any given time.

This is about all that ever happens here on this forlorn planet. That's basically all that has ever happened in the past too, only that it was either less advanced or more primitive in some ways. And, that's about all that will ever happen in the future as well because the basics of human behavior and nature are not only constant, but are also attached to a limited number of surrounding peripheral possibilities, thus they will continue to repeat themselves indefinitely. The only things that ever change are the mundane ones, the landscape, scenery, and the superficial.

Now, when you realize that this will be happening over and over ad nauseam up until natural extinction or a forced erasure of life caused by other external means, you will surely manage to obtain the disgusting existential history of humanity and the other existing lifeforms too, pretty much all nicely condensed and summed up...

It truly amazes to me how the great majority can pretty much normally live surrounded by all of this futile ocean of vanity without a problem. Or, even manage to daily tolerate all of this cosmic crap and not feel disgustingly sick from having to incessantly observe such a massive display of universal stupidity, while also psychologically being continually invaded by all of this incidentally monotonous existential bullshit that has no relevance to anything outside their feeble and ailing little lives, simply because they happen to be instinctually forced and survivalistically adapted to exist...

Meh. Fuck the universe; fuck this planet; everyone on it, and all of their empty, trivial and inconsequential comings and goings that are heading nowhere, but back into the careless and uncaring void of nothingness."

[In the comments section]:

[Anonymous]: What to do then when we are alive ??? What is the solution if not ingaging in futile and momentarily pleasures ??

[Matthias Jablonka]: There is no solution, obviously. If there was, wouldn't have we embraced it already? Death is the closest to a solution, but then again, it's more like a closure or permanent escape than anything else... Still, informatively pointing out how ridiculous is to engage in futile and momentarily pleasures, doesn't necessarily mean that one should stop doing this. If it provides some sense of comfort and positive stimuli, knock yourself out. Everyone does it up to some extent and in some form or another.

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25. Imagine being a pet owner, and realizing that your cat/dog is starting to present signs of illness from old age, such as chronic kidney disease. So, you have to spend a week or so, painfully watching how he or she loses appetite; becomes physically weaker and mentally deteriorates; no longer wants to play; just sleeps all day; vomits black and yellow from organ failure; and seems totally withdrawn too. Finally, death day comes and it's time to say goodbye, so you caress his or her dead body one last time, quickly relive fond memories inside your head, shred some tears of joy, and lastly say to yourself that it's time to let go. All of this, while during that emotionally heavy and hard mourning long week, you had a few bacon sandwiches; one or two teriyaki chicken dinners; some nice roast beef with mashed potatoes; and, a nice lamb stew thrown in there as well. Now, ask yourself: How preoccupied, sad, melancholic and unhappy you were about the pigs, chickens, cows and lambs that also perished alongside your cat or dog during that same week? Very likely in much more inhumane, brutal and nasty ways... Zero, right? Okay, that is all from me. The rest of the message, is up to you to decode...

Oh, no, this isn't another 'in your face vegan propaganda'. I don't like those either, there are better ways to raise awareness. Besides, I'm more into the Efilistic/Futilitarian approach towards life and death, together with the value assigned to birth, and the implications of the imposition of sentience. Just describing a very commonly ignored side of a situational reality. One that happens all the time, every day, somewhere around the globe…

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26. One thing that's really, really stupid about your average sense of human logic, is how people often measure or qualify 'bad deaths'. How almost everyone will blindly agree that a baby dying from asphyxiation for swallowing something that it wasn't supposed to, while its parents failed at supervising, is a horrible occurrence because supposedly now it will never 'grow to become a person' and 'it will miss out experiencing life'. Yet, an old man or lady that died in some shitty retirement home (after years and years of humiliating physical degeneration and slow mental deterioration), from dealing with things such as Alzheimer's disease, bad knees, back pains, arthritis, some quiet form of cancer that slowly works its way around, abandonment and/or neglect from its relatives—among many other common ailments that come with senescence—is just normal and expected since that's how the 'natural course of life flows'.

What a massive load of horseshit... Lacking the capacity to realize that one left this sentient hellhole, this futile prison, this planetary slaughterhouse—or whatever else you prefer to call it—prematurely, is now free from deprivations, and did it in a relatively peaceful, fast and painless way. While the other had to endure close to a century of being a tormented meat puppet (until it was finally released from the excruciating ordeals of the flesh and the consuming nightmares of the mind), speaks of severe mental retardation to me. Not the general type, but the one where a person is so grabbed by the genitals by a nasty case of Stockholm syndrome towards life, that isn't able to value, measure, comprehend or omit any kind of reasonable judgment about the biological reality that currently inhabits...

Which is arguably infinitely worse than your typical mental retardation... Considering that one is medically diagnosed and cerebrally justified. While the other is just a plain old school combination of self-delusion, ignorance, existential blindness, and a convenient degree of sensory manipulation and peripheral distortion of existence, pulling the strings and generating this exasperatingly moronic side-effects that the rest must witness and tolerate...

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27. Concerning Anthony Bourdain's demise, I believe this to be a good timing to re-share this one:

"Let's make a somewhat lighthearted post about self-slaughter (you can't actually use the proper S word directly here, it all has to be indirectly implied in a subtle manner, so you have to pick your synonyms very carefully).

Here's two very common examples:

When someone keeps it mostly to itself and doesn't share with anyone the labyrinthine and nightmarish hell that this person is going through, and then they somehow end up finding out later through word of mouth that this said person is now out of the game and gone forever. General Public Response: Oh, should have said something! We could have helped! Too bad it ended that way! So sorry, a loss that could have been avoided!

When someone tries to voice out the stuff that bothers him or her, and lets it all out not even to receive any feedback, support, attention or advice, but just to vent things and with that manage to clear their minds a little bit, and see if that helps getting some of that off their chest as well. General Public Response: Ah, it's not to make such a big deal! Oh, stop wallowing in self-pity! Just grow a pair, and deal with it! Life's hard, get used to it!

Now, what exactly would you say that explains or rationalizes this very usual social behavior better? Is it the Hero Complex? The Life-Affirming Ego? The fact that it's a lot easier to talk the talk once that person has departed since whatever someone offers, gives or says now, it's just empty words to sound nice and understanding, but doesn't really have to do anything of what it preaches? No one's saying that they don't truly care either or that their pain and tears are fake, just that in order to understand the depths of certain mental illnesses, and the ordeals that some people endure inside their heads, it would be necessary to admit that there's something wrong at the

very core of being a sentient creature and that existence itself is the problem. And, we all know that would jeopardize their zealot life-loving ways, so they will never do that. They can't afford to admit that life's the one that's fundamentally broken...

For example, I also see way too many similarities with the unborn dilemma. They (most hypocritical pro-lifers) will protect the baby to death and will show great care until it's born, but once the baby is out into the world, it's on its own. Save yourself, as they say, in whatever way you can because no one gives a shit about you, your life, or any of your after-exiting-the-birth-canal existential problems anymore! Now you have to enjoy the imposition, agree with become a slave of capitalism to satiate your mental needs and physical wants, being part of the human race as a deprivational meat puppet, and deal with it until the end or else you are a quitter or a coward (psychological self-defense mechanism detected and fully at work) because someone else made the decision that all life is a precious and miraculous gift from God, Mother Nature, or whatever other bullshit they come up with to validate their own delusion, feed their self-deception and with that keep the show running."

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28. Existential Kill Count of Planet Earth:

Ted Bundy + Jeffrey Dahmer: 45 confirmed human victims. Possibly some more. With the addition of animals during their childhood.

Adolf Hitler and its fellow Nazi Buddies, together with the ones caused by the opposition armies (yes, he didn't do it all alone): "World War II fatality statistics vary, with estimates of total deaths ranging from 50 million to more than 80 million. The higher figure of over 80 million includes deaths from war-related disease and famine. Civilians killed totalled 50 to 55 million, including 19 to 28 million from war-related disease and famine."

The Black Death: "the Black Plague, was one of the most devastating pandemics in human history, resulting in the deaths of an estimated 75 to 200 million people."

Animal Slaughter: "Over 56 billion farmed animals are killed every year by humans. These shocking figures do not even include fish and other sea creatures whose deaths are so great they are only measured in tonnes."

Precious, beautiful, all-loving, all-knowing, and all-wise mother nature since the dawn of life: Number is so high, that's impossible to determinate with exactitude. Do you know what a Googol is? Well, you will now. Is the mind-bogging number: 10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 ,000,000. And this includes dinosaurs, baby birds pushed from their nest by their own parents, bacteria, fungi, vegetation, viruses, animals that died from horrible diseases, all humans in history including the ones that died from natural causes, unimaginable amount of eaten alive creatures, insects, fish, rodents, and any other kind of sentient being with the capacity to experience an excruciating amount of pain, discomfort and physical damage.

It's death, death, death, and nothing but death. Made possible only because of birth. No need to add anything more.

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29. Swift remake of an old one, at a reader's request.

"I find it funny to notice how most parents can in certain situations subconsciously admit that deep down they are hardcore pessimists--making Cioran, Schopenhauer and Pessoa momentarily appear life-loving optimists next to them. And, do things like lying big time to their children about the deplorable state of the world or how nasty it is and how ugly it can get just to protect them and avoid early on psychological damage; yet, still maintain themselves a fake and delusional optimistic view of the world...

Well, what is it then? Is the world the place filled with sunshine and rainbows that you try every day so-very-hard to convince yourself to picture that it is? Or, it is how you admit that it is when you are protecting or sheltering your loved ones from? It can't be both, make a decision already...

To this day it still amazes me how the same person can be so honest, and on the other hand also so prone to self-trickery at the same time. Well, that's human psychology in a nutshell for you. One only sees what its own cognitive dissonance allows it to see. Ha..."

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30. It is, at the very least, mildly amusing to notice how in most cases a person would ego-interpret first that someone leaving a discussion or walking away from an argument is either a sign that they won or that the other person has no comeback or anything else left to say; and, the last thing they would think, consider or cross their minds when performing a general analysis of the situation, would be that this person on the other side of this doesn't want to waste its time anymore, its silence is there to signify apathetic jadedness, or sees this exchange as a dead end conversation too stupid to even continue. Reality distortion at its finest.

This is a perfect example of reverse cognitive dissonance, too. And, a demonstration of how coping-mechanisms are ready to act whenever need to, not in just certain occasions. All of this just to guarantee unconflicted personal continuation and that the head will not wonder too far-off or becomes divergent, ha.

Remember that if you worship or value humanity or humans in a positive way, you are glorifying a cunning machine built from factory production for the practice skulduggery and self-deceit. This is the monster that beautiful nature has created over a long period of time or selection and evolvement. You don't get to be at the top of the food chain of a dog-eat-dog world through good behavior and niceness, no, no; you do that by stepping all over the cadavers of others like yourself and the carcasses of other creatures. That's how you get to be high up looking at everything from up in the air, by standing on a mountain made out of nothing but death, lies and defeat.

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31. When your blind optimism makes you romanticize the birth of a species that's about to hit the 8 billion, see pregnancy as a miracle on a human but an infestation on a roach or rodent, while it also gets in the way of getting your facts straight regarding the irreversible planetary damage that has been done so far, you know the delusional shit is hitting serious... I'll definitely do NOT want a taste or hit of what they are smoking, ingesting or inhaling. That's for sure.

"All children are the beautiful product of love." I beg to differ, worldwide statistics show that the great majority are the product of broken condoms, drunk one night stands, impulsive adolescent horniness, unplanned/accidental impregnations from supposedly 'responsible' adults, and lastly, good old recklessness and ignorance regarding the consequences of fluid exchanges which culminate in the creation of an unwanted sentient being... Apparently, adoption agencies and orphanages are filled with so much unwanted 'love' too. And all those sons and daughters who experience a lifetime of rejection, abuse and neglect from their progenitors are the products of so much unmitigated 'love' as well, they just don't know it yet.

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32. Can we really say that absolute independence/freedom exists, when even if a person decides to cut all ties with humans and withdraws from society, will still probably make use of certain helpful tools or maybe take with him or her books, clothes, and other small useful items product of civilization, while it will be also always needing nature, surrounding flora and/or fauna to subsist, fire to keep warm and water to hydrate, among many other things? Don't think so. Surely the mind can be one step ahead for obvious reasons and survive with much less although there are still consequences like losing touch with reality, depersonalization, feelings of isolation and even alienation, but the body is a complete puppet totally reliant of too many essential things for survival until ceasing to function, without exception.

You can be less needy by not relying on other people; or, more detached from certain material things, but absolute independence/freedom is unachievable while alive and meaningless if you are dead. So, technically no, it doesn't exist...

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33. Re-sharing this one, at the request of a follower.

"After years of objectively exposing why existence is a deprivational & futilitarian nightmare that cannot be satisfied since fulfillment is merely a volatile and ephemeral sensation, here's some of the best solutions and/or propositions that I have received and gathered around, taken from several random people throughout time:

Listen to some music.

Go to a concert.

Watch a film.

Go out with friends.

Get high.

Find something that you like, and pursuit to the maximum.

Play an instrument.

Play a game.

Surf the net.

Read a book.

Take a nap.

Plan a vacation somewhere relaxing.

Stop thinking about it.

Put your mind into something else.

And the list goes on and on.

Damn. What a bunch of goddamn geniuses. The solution was always right there in front of my face this whole time. Why haven't I thought about distracting myself to the fullest with mediocre, banal bullshit, and with that manage to block constant insufferable realities, until I am fucking departed? I have been so blind this whole fucking time. It was just so easy. Thanks to the insight provided by these marvelous masterminds who are clearly like existential gurus of life, I can finally see the light."

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34. If you think these current retarded trends of eating Tide Pods or snorting Condoms are the lone or direct product of a spoiled or ignorant modern society/generation, and signal the ever-increasing development of an idiocracy, then think again innocent little dove, because this species has been doing stupid shit pretty much since their very inception. A quick look at the past shows us men voluntarily using stiff high collars that blocked the circulation of blood to their brains causing deaths from suffocation... Women binding their feet in order to shrink them to the point of irreversible deformation just to make themselves more attractive to the opposite sex... People bleaching their skin and

dying from the poisonous effects of the applied chemicals that were absorbed through their skin, as this was seen as a desired feature at a certain point in history... Neck rings, corsets, breast ironing, the list of stupid ideas is actually pretty extensive.

These reckless and moronic behaviors are as old as time itself. New humans, different trends, but the same basics at the very core... Everything repeats itself, be it because of mindless fun, peer pressure or simply ignorance regarding the consequences. And, a little bit of understanding from behavioral psychology tells us that it will continue to happen until they become extinct. Any other expectations are unrealistic and foolish.

Oh, and not to mention all the other stupid trendy shits out there, which aren't usually mentioned because they became accepted, found religious protection or are part of people's culture, so they cannot be properly criticized without receiving some sort of ridiculous backlash implying discrimination, racism or bigotry simply for making a rational observation towards a behavior that's not only utterly dumb, but also very dangerous and/or harmful, many times with deadly outcomes as well. Things like genital mutilation (of both, males and females); the many different types of physical punishment directed towards children; reckless animal butchery, gluttony, abuse, hunting or inflicting some form of slow torture ending in death in order to celebrate some specific date or commemorate something... Among many other occurrences that are until this day allowed and even recognized as 'customs' or celebrated as 'traditions', all around the globe...

And there aren't any immature teens going through a phrase behind any of these, just indoctrinated adults passing from generation to generation what they believe to be the word of their God, or some other thing that was popular at the moment and somehow managed to stay relevant with the pass of time.

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35. [Here's an old post taken from my personal profile that appeared recently on my timeline as a memory, which I thought some of you might enjoy and even relate.]

Outgoing hermit (possibly one of the best oxymorons ever): Someone whose instinctive psychological programming demands it to occasionally (or often, it varies) take part in communal activities or interact with other individuals in order to satiate corporeal needs and satisfy cerebral desires, but deep at heart, it does not want to be there. And in fact, even when that person is there, that mostly denotes physical presence, as there is not as much mental activity, any kind of real emotional involvement, or sentimental investment or connection whatsoever.

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36. After a long behavioral, social and psychological search performed in order to find out what's truly wrong with this species at the very core of the same, I have finally come to the one and only acceptable conclusion... And, that is that this entire species without making any

exceptions whatsoever, suffers from a great different variety of genetic disorders together with a severe case of special needs. The only difference between these ones and all of the most commonly known or medically diagnosed and officialized other ones, is that these minor-to-big type of genetic disorders and special needs cases are so common, so widespread and so hard get rid off, control or deal with, that we just inevitably had to first normalize them, then categorizing them simply as 'individual characteristics', 'cognitive & behavioral flaws' or 'personality traits' among other quasi-academic, fuzzy terms to better facilitate the welcoming, and lastly accepting that these are the 'as good as they get' standards that we have to deal with in this forlorn existential reality of ours.

In other words: we ended up accepting dysfunctionality as the closest that we will ever get to any kind of actual functionality, and all these abnormalities found within the masses as the best approximation to what's most commonly and ideally seen as 'normality' that can be dreamed to be ever achieved. Thus, there are special needs people and then normal needs people, even though, 'they' the considered 'normal' ones really also very special need at the end of the day. And even the seemingly genetically ordered are actually quite disordered, even if these disorders are often subtle, noy superficially visible, work silently in the background, and are hard to notice at first contact or glance as well, if you know what I mean...

Just reflect on this disclosure for a while, and you will manage to see the full picture regarding this particular dilemma of the species, like never before. Oh, trust me on this one. Observing the world and things like this explains a lot; if not everything.

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37. Non-religious people who adopt mother nature as their representative 'deity' and the cosmos itself as their symbolic 'God' (and also worship humanity's comings and goings, together with the world's beauty), are no different/better or less delusional than those who actually follow an established doctrine or hold a dogmatic set of beliefs...

Picks one of the many random and nonsensical phrases that usually come out of them: "I'm the universe experiencing itself for a little while" Oh, really? And what has that precious universe been experiencing, exactly? A cyclic repetition of historical bloodshed? Worldwide wars? Natural disasters? Mass murders? Violent rapes? Entire parts of a planet swamped in poverty, sickness and disease? Child abuse, abandonment and mistreat? Animal torture? Unemployment or other traumatic occurrences that often lead to homelessness, alcoholism and drug addiction, thus also to suffering, pain and a shitton of other easily avoidable personal problems? Etc., etc... Okay then...don't mind me, continue with your more 'rational' and 'scientific' type of fantasy. Sure, why not...

Or wait, maybe you mean: "By a combination of luck and causality I happen to be doing kind of okay, so I'm currently under a ridiculously strong and massively huge optimistic bias that helps me ignore the horrors and the misery of the world, and also makes me think that everything's sunshine and rainbows. So, as long as I have my entertainment, distractions and escapisms to keep me psychologically sedated and borderline braindead, I won't acknowledge the futility of it all or mind fulfilling deprivations all that much, and everything will be relatively fine until death, even though things are far from being actually alright." Yeah, that sounds more like it...

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38. The starting condition of everlasting and naturally occurring base negatives that characterizes the sentient experience (which pretty much pushes all existing beings into having to seek after artificially self-created short-lasting positives, just to find some solace amidst the constant state of deprivation), is seriously beyond fucked-up. With an extra emphasis added to that 'beyond', oh yes...

And, it's when you analyze how cool and laid-back most people are about this extremely unhealthy behavioral pattern that, you realize what a huge cognitive role peripheral acclimatization plays here, in making them take all this for granted. Kind of like finding out that you have developed some sort of cancer, which is rapidly consuming you and internally withering you away, and then encountering some solace and relief in knowing that there are drugs, treatments, and other things available out there to make it all a bit better, less traumatizing, and to help you not deal with the pains, sicknesses and other horrible symptoms so much and so often, but hey, guess what? You still have cancer though...

Well, it's the same situation here. Not superficially, but at the very core... You might be able to find things to temporarily fill your lacerating personal void...but guess what too? You are still a bottomless pitch-black hole that will never be truly satisfied, just temporarily content. And that's about as good as it gets, folks...

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39. I like how (ha, not really, but I do enjoy starting texts in an upbeat manner only to later slowly build up the futilitarianistic negativity; you probably know how the stylistic direction goes by now) most of humanity is so strongly ego-involved with existence, has so much mentally and physically invested in this ride, and it's also that sentimentally attached to this psychophysical sentient experience in an insanely irrational manner, that it cannot possibly seem to grasp its way around the notion of a universe (hell, not even a tiny, insignificant planet for that matter, but we are going big here) containing no traces of life whatsoever... Even though the universe is still up to this day mostly an empty and indifferent cosmic ocean made out of huge voids, with some stars, planets and other spatial objects scattered or thrown here and there... And also, when it's a clear and well-known fact that for around 99.99% of the time that the universe has been existing since it started to expand, it had or contained absolutely no signs of life anywhere to be seen—with microscopic, single-celled organisms included—and it did perfectly fine during all that time...

Ha, imagine all of this previously stated above not being enough to put their inconsequential existences into perspective, right? Well, that's the sad thing, it isn't enough; not for the great majority at least... Which comes to no surprise either, honestly, knowing how deep the self-deception and the auto-brainwash runs among them...

As if the complete extermination of the species—and, this not even has to be necessarily caused by a catastrophic event generated by themselves, but let's suppose that through an accidental interstellar collision since this notion of a universe that created life and later ends up destroying it as if it meant nothing or as if it's correcting the mistake it made, hits much harder over the ego—would be a bad or negative

thing, right? Hmm, for whom, again, exactly? If the only ones declaring that to have a biological somethingness around the cosmos is a good, positive thing are themselves; and, this claim vanishes into thin air and quickly loses all its strength and value when they are no longer around to sustain it or cheer in its favor...

I mean, do you see the universe suddenly waking, and start begging for them to stick around a bit longer any time soon? I surely don't. But, I can image as well how one could be that delusional though; the self-preservational desperation to continue, the blind genetic drive to survive, and the unmitigated urge to replicate ad infinitum, tend to have a strong amount of influence over people's psyches... Oh, if humans themselves can program robots to perform tricks and fulfill certain amount of tasks, the idea of nature and evolution programming these protoplasmic figurines to play along a vain and hideous and sadistic biological game of monotonous stupidity, isn't that far-off, huh?

Hey wait, you guys...don't go. What would I do without billions of you causing pointless drama and creating useless conflict all over the place of a trivial rock on a humdrum, commonplace galaxy... I kinda grew used to it, dammit. I need you, I miss you, I want you...oh wait, no, those are all petty and basic human emotions; I forgot that I am a lifeless and insentient celestial construction. My bad. Actually no, you know what, that's your mistake for giving me humane characteristics to support your own narcissistic wishes and egotistical desires... You can be wiped out, I don't really mind, because I don't even have a mind.

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40. Okay, so according to the search feature, I definitely posted this one before on my personal profile, but it seems that I completely forgot to share it over here too...so, let's fix this right now.

This is a subject that many of you readers will probably closely relate to, as you may be afflicted by this detrimental (or beneficial, who knows, maybe psychological self-torture and mental sadism are your things, I don't judge) cognitive trait as well. Anyway, enough with the silly rambling, and enjoy this piece:

"I can't think of a more annoying and irritating thing to deal with, than mental hyperactivity... This definitely has to be one of the worst (in the scale of exasperating, bothersome, and maddening) kinds of psychological disorders that can be found out there...

One can easily find ways to make a fleshy vessel tired by performing a series of movements, doing intense exercise, triggering muscle fatigue, or pursuing some other of the various forms of energy-consuming/life-draining physical activities, certainly; but, how in hell do you satisfy a restless brain? How do you silent the many and different loud as fuck voices that might live inside a person's head? How do you avoid your own mind taking you on a late trip towards the desolate and inhospitable fields of insomnia almost every night? How do you counteract being attacked, tormented, and cornered, by several poignant thoughts at once? How do you stop an ethereal hurricane of memories, scenes and images, coming directly towards you? Yeah, unless you are willing to intoxicate yourself with a bunch of sleeping pills in a desperate attempt to obtain a much needed cognitive break, there isn't a proper or gentle way, to be honest...

You can take a break from almost anything in life, except from yourself. Nope, that won't genuinely happen until you are dead and gone. The infernal thoughts and apocalyptic notions can't be ignored for too long, or effectively distracted. They are so hard to avoid, that they will sometimes even accompany you in your dreams; which you might as well call them nightmares already, since nothing nice or useful will come out of them, that's assured...

Hell, you can't even take the smallest vacation from yourself while you are still breathing and cognitively responsive, without being psychologically interrupted or mentally disturbed by something... So I guess one just survives it, tolerates it, and withstands it, in whatever insufferable way that might possibly be...

Clench your teeth, close your eyes, and take the abstract, yet hard-rock punches of existence... Later, you can take the time to deal with the aftermath pain, clean the drying blood out of your lips and nose, and proceed to put some ice on that periorbital hematoma... Oh, and don't get yourself too comfortable after the storm has seemingly passed either, because the nice weather certainly won't last too long, and you will have to get ready to rinse & repeat the whole cyclic process of cerebral madness, much, much sooner than you know..."

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41. The three most common mental stages of the existence of an average reasoned (as oppose to a much more intuitive one) human being:

1. As a child: energetically asks: are we there yet?; has no idea what's going on around him/her, but since it still doesn't have the cognitive maturity to raise big questions or has acknowledged its own morality/insignificance, simply goes along with the flow, and tries to enjoy the journey without worrying at all about the destination. Almost everything is funny, amusing or entertaining, so there's little room yet for any type of serious worry or preoccupation.

2. As an adolescent/young adult: curiously starts to ponder: what am I doing here?; begins to question the validity and/or importance of the journey, while something deep inside uncomfortably awakens: a sense of utter voidness. Which depending on the individual, it might or might not be successfully distracted or hidden out of sight, but it will still be there, lurking in the background molesting their thoughts either frequently or occasionally. Also, the more naiveness, obliviousness and absent-mindedness of the previous mental stage it retains, the easier it will be to deal with his/her own newly form ordeals caused by the increased amount of brain activity.

3. As an adult: Jaded thoughts are quite frequent, causing the person to often wonder: is it over yet?, or: how much more will I have to endure?; by this point probably has acquired more than enough information to realize about his/her abandonment inside a totally indifferent universe; internal freak outs and beat ups caused by dealing with personal struggles, existential tribulations and other typical problems of being alive, are the accepted norm. That void which was always there, but made an official appearance during the previous stage, has most likely grown out of proportions, and it's getting ready to assimilate them, but considering how life works, it won't be today, nor tomorrow, nor

the day after tomorrow either, generating a cyclic and unrelenting rinse and repeat Groundhog Day sequence characterized by huge quantities of cerebral disquiet and physical discomfort (refer to the questions mentioned at the beginning of the paragraph).

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42. Inescapable end of the year post, Of Futility & Decay style, of course:

Neglecting their own hideous celestial nullity—and conveniently forgetting about the frivolousness that they always represent in the futile stellar landscape—most of the slowly decomposing fleshy automatons will continue writing another biological chapter of 365 days of monumental existential uselessness... One that it's surely filled with tremendous amounts of suffering, anguish, torture, violence, agony, disease and affliction, as they keep on happily dancing to the fast and loud song of fake positivity that dictates their reality and keeps them mentally absent and occupied enough to avoid facing their own universal insignificance. While silently, and in the background, this rancid world gets ingested by cosmic emptiness, only to slowly but surely end up completely falling apart, and sink back inside the void.

Another pointless rotation around the Sun is about to be completed. Yay. How many more to go? Ugh.

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43. Take one good look at all these goofy sentient primates; all these mobile bags of water, perambulating aimlessly as their go out and about with their silly imposed business of existing. Always feeling so self-important; always worried about what to do with themselves. Aren't they ridiculously funny, in a sad, pathetic way? Oh, yes; yes they are...

Their main activities consist on taking up oxygen through both of their uppermost face-holes, squandering the natural resources that took this planet millions of years to build, and occupying a physical space that could be put at a much better use by containing absolute vacancy. All this while psychologically destroying each other with the use of social cannibalism, physically killing each other over power and material goods, and developing a culture of mental escapism and attachment for physical objects just to find something to pass the time with, are some of the greatest lifetime achievements that one could make mention...

What meaning and purpose could they have anyway? What reason to exist would they have if you take away from them their capricious reproductive nature, and their survivalist instincts of self-preservation? None, absolutely none.

They are the living, breathing and walking representation of cosmic futility, and tangible monuments to the absurd...

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44. Resuscitating another older one, at the request of a long-time follower:

Referring to human beings as breathing, defecating, self-conscious bags of meat isn't demeaning, insulting, or degrading at all, as this is what they really are, no matter how much their egos tell them to deny, repudiate, and even avoid acknowledging this realization... This observational description is actually the most accurate, free of delusion, and honest observational description that anyone can make about sentient beings who inhabit deteriorating biological meat suits, when leaving all deceptive bullshit and moronic illusions aside...

Most people probably undeniably witness on a daily basis how they put some sweet or salty solid crap inside their mouths, chew for a while, swallow it, and some time later after a messy and smelly bowel movement, a warm and stinky turd comes out of their asses. Or, what about the daily showers that they have to take because otherwise the stench of their own decaying, rotting, and putrefying bacteria-ridden vessels becomes completely unbearable not only for others, but for them as well? Oh, and let's not even start with the self-conscious, the self-aware, and the many other psychological aspects/parts of being a mentally overly-developed creature, who only seem to make their slow, horrifying, nightmarish, and inevitable dissolvement towards death, nothingness, and oblivion, even more appalling, dreadful, and annoying than what it already is on a basic, underdeveloped state.

Isn't all this enough to make them understand their condition as horrendous and sickening organic machines, who at all times are personifying helpless existential casualties of a callous reality, thanks to a combination of universal occurrences that are ruled at very core by insane amounts of cosmic absurdity? Apparently not, as most still run on denial...

Oh, and if you are looking for anyone to blame for all this nonsense, that would be mother nature; evolution; your favorite, personal choice of a god, if that's even your thing; or whoever else you want to pick and use to put a representative, illustrative face to all these maddening biotic processes. Who apparently, aren't so beautiful, delightful, and perfect after all, aren't they? No, they are more than a bit stomach-turning and off-putting, actually...

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45. The real question about finding resting intervals from consciousness, existence, and your own weary, tired self is: can they be somehow obtained permanent while you are still mentally functional, and under the influence of your neurological, encephalic faculties? Is it all about a constant, pointless battle to find small, short moments of sentient relief, only to see all those negative stimuli come back to haunt you after a very brief little while? Is it right to call it an 'escape', when in reality you are just playing hide-and-seek from hideous, everlasting monsters that never stop searching for you, and eventually always find you, no matter how good you are at hiding from them?

Well, the obvious answer is a big, clear no. Not unless recurring to extreme or drastic measures; such as a most likely bloody and painful act of self-termination, particularly considering the available methods to withdraw from this deprivational and nightmarish Lovecraftian ordeal. And, even then, the answer is still no. Not while you are still breathing, since you have to not be around anymore for that to happen, so that will always mean that a real escape can only be achieved reaching quietus...

Ha, not even the highest security prisons can equal the powerful and effective surveillance mechanisms that sentient beings have acquired through time with the help of evolution; especially when these work together with survival instinct, and a natural biological inclination for self-preservation, no matter what, the cost, or how awful things are going for the subject...

Thus, you own genetic programming is the terrifying final boss of life that you have to fight, in order to find your way out of a mess that was imposed on to you without the least amount of permission, or consideration. And, the odds are that you are most likely going to lose. And, not even in a dramatic or exciting contest, as you will be quickly squashed and destroyed, and later left to slowly die from the internal mortal wounds.

Open wide sweetie, here comes a huge spoon of force feed life. What, don't you like the taste? The smell? The appearance? The Texture? Well that's too bad, you will have to swallow it anyway. So come on, don't make a mess of it now. Om Nom Nom Nom. Haha...

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46. They say no ambition, no involvement, no objective, and no desire to dream, like it's a bad thing not wanting anything out of this vacant, superficial, and putrid sentient experience. Ha...

Recognition? Fame? Money? Validation? Glory? Honor? Fellowships? Material possessions? It's all too stupidly idiotic; it's all too goddamn meaningless. Nothing but vain distractions and shallow delusions, being conveniently utilized to make a more comfortable transition towards the cozy tomb that lies at the end of a desolated dead end road...

But hey, whatever nonsense floats your boat, and whatever bullshit that keeps you safe from harm until departure is always welcome, and even seems to be the human motto in most cases, right? Internally, at a personal level, it's all about survival of the ones who put cognitive self-deception at a better use... Always has been, and always will be.

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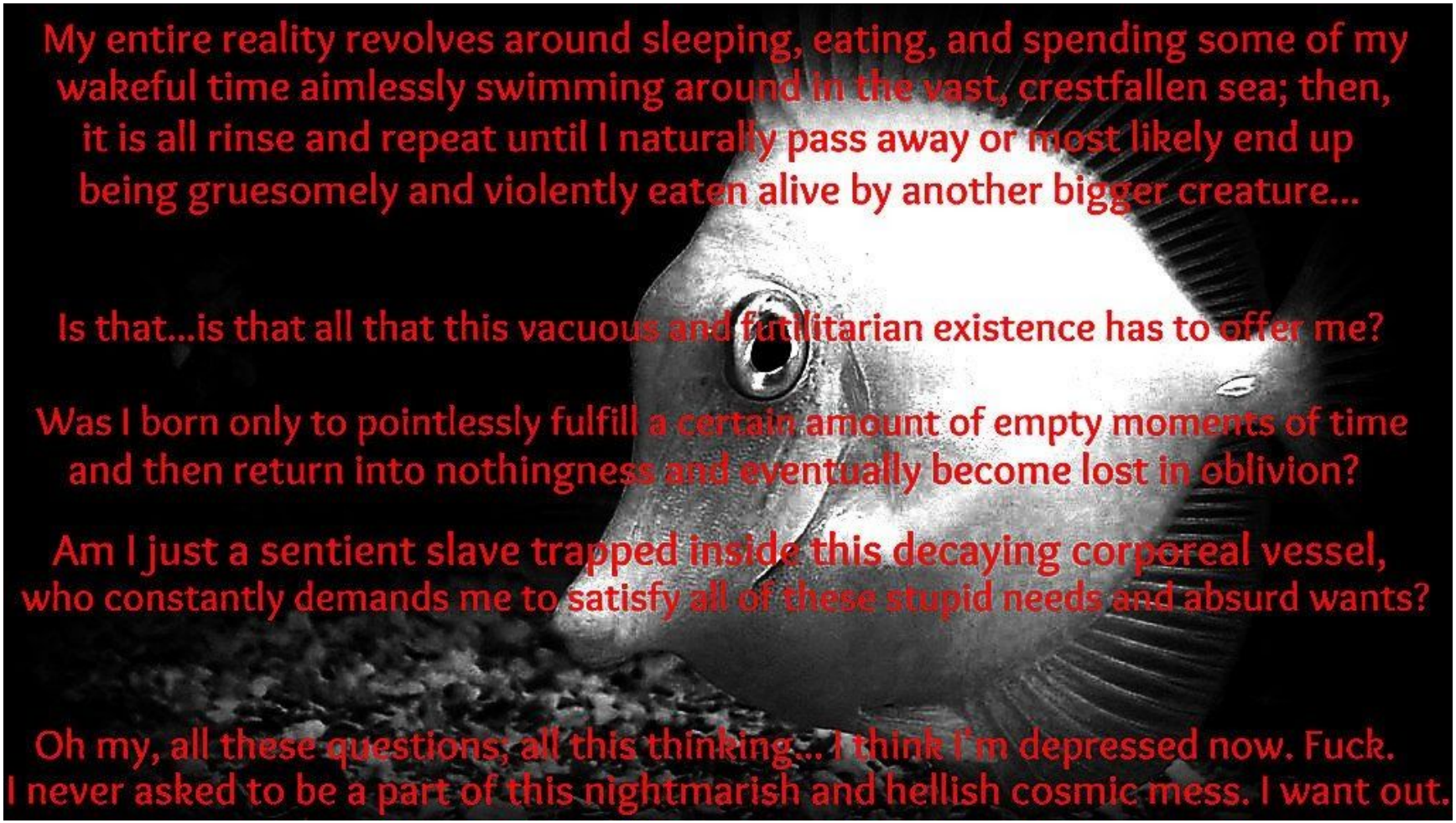
47. For some morbidly weird reason, have I always found that putting problems, issues, and dilemmas that typically only show up or appear in the higher mental capacity that characterizes most human beings because of their overly-developed degree of consciousness and unnecessarily complex level of understanding into cute little animals, insects, and other not so cerebrally-driven little critters, ends up delivering quite the amusing, thought-provoking result...

Surely, for most of them having no greater existential purpose than existing only to fulfill a place in the food chain is nightmarish enough as it is, so I can't imagine (actually, I can, hence why I am writing this) if they were capable of understanding and cognitively process their

place in life as chunks of meat and bones soon to end up inside someone's jaws while their teeth rip them apart, then getting swallowed and digested by stomach acids, just to finally come out of their anuses in the form of a warm and stinky turd. It's violent, horrifying, and disgusting even without the encephalic ability to be vividly aware of it happening...

Tell me again how life, nature, and this biological reality are cosmic miracles. It's a sadistic slaughterhouse, no matter how much one tries to cover it up with trivial and negligible positives, the fact still remains visible from miles away.



48. To the microbes, bacteria, germs, and other kinds of pestilences that subsist all over the insides and outsides of your body (and who also enjoy using it as a permanent or temporal housing residence), you are nothing else than the decaying flesh container they freely utilize on a daily basis to live comfortably, as well as the bipedal transport they get on to move from one host to the other. They eat from you, they shit all over you, they crawl everywhere, they do all kinds of nasty things at a microscopic level that you don't even want to know in detail, and in the end they also use you as a grave... Thus, regardless of how important, meaningful, and precious you think that you are in the face of a profoundly uncaring universe thanks to the delusional perception supplied by that fancy, overly-evolved big brain of yours, ultimately you are and forever will be, a disease carrying meat bag... A biological motel where all kinds of contagion throw their reproductive orgies; an organic bus that provides public transportation for plague; a slowly necrotizing cesspool that will eventually end up becoming powdery residue, or grant a feast for worms.

Ah, but don't despair little one, the good news is that you are helpless puppet to needs, wants, desires, longings, and cravings. So, most of the time you will most likely be very busy pursuing goals, dreams, objectives, duties, and going after things like escapism or distractions, and also dealing with a shitton of life obligations to fulfill a ravenous and demanding cognitive void together with an exasperating sense of corporeal dissatisfaction, to even bother to pay attention to any of this before mentioned on a regular basis. The beauty of being mainly a consciousness-driven being, even if the flesh is still a big ruling part of it, huh?

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49. Hand-picked euphemisms have since a long time ago conquered the language. And, with that mischievous and quiet take over, they are until this day greatly distorting the reality of the sentient condition towards a more Pollyannaistic, happy-go-lucky vision of things. It's a nasty and morbid chain of events.

You can hear it all the time too, if you pay attention:

Cause of death: Disease

Cause of death: Injury

Cause of death: Car accident

Cause of death: Stroke

Cause of death: Pneumonia

Cause of death: Drug abuse

Cause of death: Alcoholism

Cause of death: Old age

Cause of death: Suicide

Cause of death: Cancer

No, no. It's time to cut the bullshit with the amending terminology... With all these satisfactory titles that only cause the mind to lose focus, and diverge from seeing that, precautions, medicine, and treatments, are only buying some extra time to win a losing game that is meant to end in defeat from the start.

The real cause of death in all of those was BIRTH. But, you will never, ever hear that out loud from almost anyone... All these others that were mentioned are nothing but secondary causes, which are only experienced, endured, battled, and encountered because of the mere act of nativity, who later randomly lead towards an assured inevitability thanks to a capricious biological imposition.

It's a simple matter of making an association, yet who associates any of whose horrible things with this precious, clean, miraculous, and fantastic thing called existence? Psh. When most people think about life they picture clouds, blue skies, laughs, sunshine and rainbows; not bacteria, germs, viruses, dementia, depression, misery, illness, and sickness. And, those very few who do, are merely a microscopic rarity, at best.

The only effective panacea lies within the concepts of Antinatalism, period. Everything else is just self-trickery, delusion, and putting glitter and cologne on a decomposing corpse, hoping to make it easier to the senses and the mind. Let's not fool ourselves.

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50. Are you familiar with that unique sensation of excitement, wonder, delight and awe that you can get (or might possibly end up falling into) when you read a book, play a game, or watch a film/series that you really, really like, for the first time around? A feeling that even if you greatly enjoyed the whole thing from start to finish, can only be experienced once (unless and until some sort of selective memory loss device is built in the future, and becomes available for mass consumption) because the next time around you already know too much about the plot, the twists, the events, who dies, who lives, who wins, who loses, the fate of the characters, the struggles that they will have to face off, the perils that they will encounter along the way, and how the story will conclude? Well, I notice that existence itself also suffers from many of the same problems, limitations, and drawbacks...

Once you have acquired a certain degree of information or collected enough data about how the world works, how life unfolds, how humans behave, what goes on around the globe, and what this sensory experience has to offer, things quickly become insipid, repetitive, and stale. Not only for the mind, but for the flesh and the senses as well... It's most definitely beyond being just an exclusive psychological issue.

Unless you remain dazed and stupefied throughout the journey, the whole thing will inevitably end up becoming incredibly monotonous, dull, predictable, and even insufferably tedious for the most part... And, if you want some concrete proof of this to let yourself know that it's

not just you and that the problem is a universal constant, you just have to take a look at all those who enjoy it the most, and you will notice that it's always the ones that live it without questioning it too much, worry about peripheral occurrences very often, actively block the negative memories and awful encounters, remain dormant and oblivious of complex existential matters, and last, but most important, regularly over-analyze their own biological situation as a slice of meat that possesses developed mental faculties that surpass the requirements needed for an insouciant voyage through life, with a bit of pragmatic care at all…

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51. It's actually quite adorable when people think that they are who they have freely chosen to be or purposely decided to become, and not what peripheral and situational influence—together with what the many different and random encounters with existential experiences, which were later also smoothly blended to act in complicity with the things that life has put them through, or shoved along in their way—ended up making out of them...

Take exactly the same you that you are right now, but born either some years/centuries earlier or later, living in a different place, city, neighbor or continent, doing a specific thing right/wrong, dealing with personal loss and later a heartbreak, accepting something that this time around in your life story you rejected, befriending another group of people, or simply taking a small or big turn at some point in spacetime, and result of that it would be a very different and quite changed version of the person that you are right now. Oh, there's no questionable doubt about that...

Remember that particular talent or artistry skill that defines who you are and makes up a huge part of what you do with your life today? Well, it doesn't exist in this other person because the circumstances never triggered that which right now put you in that particular direction...

Do you see those interests that you now have, which gave you all these distinct behavioral mannerisms and personality traits? Yeah, they are not found in this other altered version because it was affected differently from running into a whole new bunch of modified experiences...

Hell, to go even further to how much a little something made different can change a person's story, let's just say that another of these many other versions of you, isn't even alive today; as it died years ago in a plane crash on its way to a family vacation, or a long planned trip with friends to a music festival. One of those random cases of bad (or good) luck made this other version of you get on a defective machine with a bad engine, and its remains are now found at the bottom of the Pacific or Atlantic ocean (another alternative story to this same alternative story, is that one of this other potential you's is still alive after that, but currently found in a deep coma with almost no chances of ever waking up again; so how about that for randomly affected by the many chances of life, huh?).

Do you also praise yourself for being a well-behaved citizen, how clean your criminal record is, or for not being a violent serial killer? Well, this other you might very well be right now facing a life sentence in prison because of some weird traumatizing shit that happened during its childhood or adolescence that psychologically fucked it up beyond repair... Which made it a sadistic rapist; a child murderer/animal torturer;

an insane pyromaniac that loves blowing things up and burning living creatures alive; who knows really, with so many possibilities out there to choose from...

You, and all of these other potential versions of you, are nothing but complete strangers being unsytematically and accidentally shaped like helpless pieces of clay, by the invisible and callous hands of reality. And, the only thing that you share or have in common with any of them at the end of the day, is superficial appearance and genetic composition...

Equally fascinating and terrifying to ponder what all those little things (which at the time we might neglect their cognitive influence, or deem them as insignificant) can do to a person in the long run, isn't? Ah, the little things, some say there's nothing bigger than them...

You are this, sure, but you also could have been all that... You had little to no control over it, and there was nothing that you could have actively done to avoid it... Powerless, naked and defenseless, against the erratic and hard-bitten nature of an arbitrary existence that you didn't ask for nor choose.

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52. Earlier today I was looking into some older stuff that I wrote because I needed to find something, and I came across this one once again... I have to say that it is still one of favorites to this day. This piece is the more poetic/rhythmic form of a text that's already out there, if you guys remember (especially long time readers). And, a fun fact is that this is actually its original form; the other one is a modification of this, and came out from my mind much later on. Enjoy.

"Crestfallen Marionettes", by Matthias Jablonka

Everything was so quiet for them once,

they were all at one with the nothingness...

But just take a look at all of them now,

irreversible by-products of lust and boredom,

spawned out of an absurd chemical reaction.

The self-conscious bags of meat wake up to the realization

that they have been completely abandoned by existence.

Awakened in the middle of nowhere for no good reason,

left to very slowly become hollow, and eventually rot away...

Anywhere you looked, you could dreadfully see
that it was quite a delightful display of blank faces,
and that all of them had a huge void inside them to fulfill...
Some mildly succeeded with their psychological delusions,
and others were just simply found always waiting for an end.
But absolutely none of it really mattered,
as oblivion eventually swallowed it all away...

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53. Probably, we all have heard some delusional and irrational sentimental nonsense coming from blindly optimistic folk similar to a thing like this before: "Human beings are the wonderful sons and daughters of majestic mother nature, and they were created to experience and do, great things in this life!".

Oh...really? Hmm...like what exactly? I don't want to be a killjoy, sound unnecessarily rude, or anything like that, but it sounds like you are simply and mindlessly regurgitating an empty and prefabricated blindly optimistic saying there, buddy...

Well, let me give this thing a shot then... Perhaps you mean the ordinary and vapid act of spending sometimes way over 1/4 of their lives slumbering silly, indulging in mental escapism, and dreaming about bullshit fantasy scenarios that are never going to happen in reality? Maybe you mean performing tedious and repetitive tasks over and over again, for several hours every day, with the final purpose of obtaining printed paper or some other form of remuneration, that will later help them mitigate their exasperating cerebral demands, and temporarily satisfy all those physical deprivations that control them?

Ah, wait a second...I know what you mean by that, you are definitely talking about all of the different and fancy artistic forms of expression that they have come up with; who are being used mainly for the recreative purpose of filling all those vacant moments of time that they always encounter in front of them, that otherwise would be black holes of emptiness consuming their minds with boredom, tedium and ennui; and, who of course, also serve this other purpose of mentally numbing themselves and others up, until death comes and takes them away back into the nullifying void. That must be it...

Yeah, yeah. I get it now... Such cosmically impressive and utterly essential beings for the sidereal landscape...

Jeez, what would the universe to without them... Just being an inanimate, uncaring and indifferent mass of emptiness with a few celestial bodies thrown in between huge gaps of unfathomable spatial voidness, like it has been for billions of years before the existence of sentient life, and will most definitely continue to be for billions of years after their extinction? Right, right...

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54. Surreal Futilitarian Flashback (My brain just reminded me of this piece from a long way back in time. I made a few retouches, so now it's alive again, and making a new appearance.):

I often find myself doing meticulous and pragmatic deconstructions of reality inside my head. They mildly entertain my thoughts, and frequently manage to maintain my mind somewhat busy as well. For a while, at least... Writing them down also helps me a lot with keeping my head clear from the disgusting ideas, grim images, and bleak notions, that otherwise would make my already negative moods, transform into even more insufferably worse ones...

So far, not once have I not rationally concluded that human beings are high-maintenance biological errors, that should have never come out of the void. That sentience itself (in all of its forms, shapes, and varying affecting degrees) is a monumental spatial mistake that should die out and is ought to be corrected. And, that the best that could happen is the undoing of the universe, by completely reverting the produced subsequent effects, that were caused by the Big Bang—indeed, total blankness and utter silence, spread thorough a vacant ocean of Stygian nothingness...

Now, with all of this being said, I think that it can be safely interpreted that this pungent sense of nauseating existential sickness that many humans seem to have (particularly the one experienced by those who are into delving into these profound, introspective, and analytical forms of philosophical pensiveness), is nothing else than glorious nonexistence calling us back home, by sending a message that is being absorbed by awareness, and later deciphered with the use of cognition... We were brutally evicted from there without permission, and we anxiously want to reclaim our place in it. Something that, after looking at how absurd, chaotic, bizarre, inhospitable, foul and meaningless the world is, it comes to no surprise either, to carry such great internal desire within ourselves.

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55. Here's one that's currently melting my brain: If we mainly and mostly measure good and bad by negativistic comparison (meaning that we usually know something's good because our senses and our minds put all that bad and good together, and later generate a conclusive juxtaposition that allows us to tell the difference from one another), then do we know exactly how many real good days we have ever had?

We can easily tell the bad ones from worse to less worse because we start calculating from the bottom. It's all okay up to that point, sure. But, later, things start to get psychologically more and more messy...

By using this logic of negativistic comparison, we can say that most of those days that we remember as good, were only good because our memory was measuring that with much worse previous moments. So, say that you had a really shitty week filled with tragedy, sadness, loss, emotional or physical pain, and some grief thrown in there as well, when you look back to that month you will easily see better days than others, right? Yet, not because they were particularly better in the actual sense of the word, just because many of the other days that you had were goddamn awful and unbearable. Then, you realize that those days weren't actually good to begin with, they were just less shitty or not so filled with as much crap than others...

Thus, in a way, our memory most of the time tricks us, using what it is just a simple (yet very effective) coping mechanism to deal with detrimental experiences. And, covers up the whole thing with a selection of the nicest that came out of all that subjective stuff to create the illusion of balance. However, that balance isn't true to reality given that all that positive isn't actually true positive, it's just a positive composed of negative that was experienced with less intensity, or at a lower magnitude than the personal worse that we are using to differentiate one another... And, works every time as well, considering that our minds function in such a way that we always start doing math from how bad it can get, to later measure how good it can get.

You have to go to hell and come back, to truly appreciate paradise.

(Concrete examples: For a person that was born with extremely bad luck and has seen the worse side of things, any day that the bad luck isn't as bad as usual and the worse doesn't hit it as hard as usual, will be pretty much a good day. For an animal that was born in captivity, experienced starvation, and was beaten up all the time, after being rescued from all that, pretty much any day that has its freedom, some food in its stomach, and love from those who are currently in charge of its well being, will be a good day too.)

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56. The one and only reason why most people can look back at fucked-up or harmful life stuff that happened to them, and accept that as being mostly a positive experience, is usually because they can get a learning lesson or two when they are done rationalizing and the whole situation is over, out of all that bad stuff. Such as realizing that something about their behavior, attitude or personality was wrong,

and thus needed to change, since that caused them to lose someone they liked, loved or cared about... Perhaps that argument that generated a big fight with a friend, sibling or parent, later caused everyone involved to work on improving the communication, and they all get along much better now because of that previous big fight... Or, maybe losing a job lead to finding a better job somewhere else, and that too came with moving to a different area, meeting new people, and also gave them that much needed fresh start that they were for so long looking for, so they don't mind it anymore...

But, that's exactly the problem. All this growing, getting wiser, and maturing stuff, usually only works with mundane, every day life things. It's a feel good and commonplace positivity that comes with rising above ordinary problems, and overcoming the banal, terrestrial ordeals of being a human being...

When someone ends up confronting heavy existential things that slap them silly out of their protecting cognitive bubble, what often happens is that a person ends up dealing with eerie vacant dead ends; realizations that only teach how insanely pointless everything is, together with how wasteful it's to struggle, and that absolutely nothing really matters after all... These things, when someone looks back at them, they only show how acknowledging that made everything so much worse than it already was... That the hole in their heads grew bigger and bigger, to the point of quadrupling its size; and how emptier they are now thanks to all that new understanding that they have absorbed or acquired, than they were back then when they walked around happily oblivious of these matters...

Certain things will push individuals straight into a bottomless black abyss, and there's no way of getting out of there. When someone is falling at a considerable speed, even throwing a rope in an attempt to save them, will be to no avail...

There's no lesson to learn; nothing that makes them grow wiser; nor anything that transforms them into a better person. No, certain things just stab them right in the stomach, drag them towards the gates of death, and leave them there to slowly bleed out, while they have to vividly watch how the whole world around them is morbidly crumbling into nothing.

When the cold, lacerating and harsh winds of reality hit the very core and weak spot of someone's awareness, it's not a pretty sensation. The only affirmative conclusion that one obtains out of this, is that it would have been so much better to have stayed blissfully nonexistent; and, that ending up here just to endure these eye opening realizations that don't lead anywhere, and cause such tremendous amounts of inconvenient, was indeed a monumental mistake of gargantuan proportions...

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57. Survival never occurs as a smooth, carefree development given that this act of preservation in itself is a chain-like succession of 'I can/will put myself to live with/through that', fueled by a usually uncontrollable addiction to these mostly rare and far in between favorable psycho-physical incidents (that illusory make it seem as if we are in the middle of a huge backyard party, while outside the fence it's Apocalypse 24/7, and the whole world is slowly falling apart) until your weary, decrepit self makes it to the finishing line of life. A finishing line which doesn't really look like your average green and colorful track and field event filled with a loud, cheerful audience, and a big

television crew documenting the whole thing. No, it looks more like a grey, stark and desolated tomb, literally. And, you aren't really running against other competitors or to win anything honestly, you are just constantly trying to get away from lacerating deprivations, detrimental ordeals, and harrowing experiences; while all that you ever win, is more time around here to feed all those frivolous sensory/mental addictions to positive stimuli, until your own cosmic demise eventually catches up with you anyway...

Self-termination then, is what happens when you cannot accept, convince or force yourself to 'coexist at peace/harmony with all those misfortunes, vexations and tribulations'. Generally because of a rational understanding that this profitless, pipe dream chasing biological game of giving so much to obtain very little in return (as you also spend your whole time building castles in the air just to make it through) doesn't really pay off very well at the end of the day. So, at some point you will have to ask yourself: Is it really worth it to withstand and tolerate such massive amounts of cognitive junk and deal with all this useless corporeal nonsense, just to experience an insanely brief, gratifying moment of existential relief? Surely, for many, the answer is a blind, straightforward yes. But, the answer for any pragmatic individual who measures things by utility, results and efficiency, will always be a big, plain NO. Therefore, enduring or keep pushing your already internally deceased self onward onto nothingness, would be more existentially costly, physically painful and psychologically maddening than throwing yourself into the 'always sharp and ready to do its job' meat-grinder house where death lives out in the open, a life doesn't have even the smallest type of shadowy presence there...

No one nor anything can beat what nonexistence offers because it finds itself far beyond the mundanity of pain or pleasure; the vanity of interesting or boring; the senselessness of entertaining or annoying; the pointless fighting between right and wrong/good and evil; and, the stupidity of negative or positive. Absolutely, a place back inside the calm, soothing and blissful voidness of spacetime, is indeed consistently much more luring, convincing and attractive, for more than obvious commonsensical reasons.

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58. Sports events have in-depth post-match/post-fight/post-tournament analyzes.

Books, films, music, theater, TV shows and video games, they all have reviewers and commentators uniquely concerned with the subjects.

Paintings, drawings and sculptures, have what we refer to as specialized art critics.

Foods, drinks and the like, have people dedicated entirely to taste them, smell them, observe them, and later give out their personal opinion.

And finally, existence itself has what we call philosophers. Who are basically individuals that do a little bit of everything really. A bit of analysis; a bit of commenting; a bit of critique; they can also give you their personal opinion about something; and, of course, eloquent and elaborated reviews of the many different aspects life itself, what constitutes to be a human being, and everything else that might or might not be related to the tangible universe and the metaphysical world as well.

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59. Let's make a somewhat lighthearted post about self-slaughter (you can't actually use the proper S word directly here, it all has to be indirectly implied in a subtle manner, so you have to pick your synonyms very carefully).

Here's two very common examples:

When someone keeps it mostly to itself and doesn't share with anyone the labyrinthine and nightmarish hell that this person is going through, and then they somehow end up finding out later through word of mouth that this said person is now out of the game and gone forever. General Public Response: Oh, should have said something! We could have helped! Too bad it ended that way! So sorry, a loss that could have been avoided!

When someone tries to voice out the stuff that bothers him or her, and lets it all out not even to receive any feedback, support, attention or advice, but just to vent things and with that manage to clear their minds a little bit, and see if that helps getting some of that off their chest as well. General Public Response: Ah, it's not to make such a big deal! Oh, stop wallowing in self-pity! Just grow a pair, and deal with it! Life's hard, get used to it!

Now, what exactly would you say that explains or rationalizes this very usual social behavior better? Is it the Hero Complex? The Life-Affirming Ego? The fact that it's a lot easier to talk the talk once that person has departed since whatever someone offers, gives or says now, it's just empty words to sound nice and understanding, but doesn't really have to do anything of what it preaches?

For example, I see way too many similarities with the unborn dilemma. They (most hypocritical pro-lifers) will protect the baby to death and will show great care until it's born, but once the baby is out into the world, it's on its own. Save yourself, as they say, in whatever way you can because no one gives a shit about you, your life, or any of your after-exiting-the-birth-canal existential problems anymore! Now you have to enjoy the imposition, agree with become a slave of capitalism, being part of the human race, and deal with it until the end or else you are a quitter or a coward (psychological self-defense mechanism detected and fully at work) because someone else made the decision that all life is a precious and miraculous gift from God or whatever other bullshit they come up with.

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60. Here's a more relaxed, comedic post, for a change:

The "I read something that shook and called into question my fragile, sheltered and delusional views on life, existence and reality, so now I must come up with a quick dismissive comeback, in order to invalidate their pragmatic opinion and avoid psychological damage" generic response generator:

- Why don't you just kill yourself! - Only sad, negative people look at things like that! - Find Jesus, he can help! - Such a crybaby! - Blah, blah, blah, no one cares, just shut up! - Why so sullen? Life is what you make of it. - Consider looking at the bright side of life... - LOL, what a loser! - If you really think like that, why keep living then? - Another weakling that can't cope with life! - Sounds like depression to me! - Something must be truly missing in your life, to make you think that way! - Who hurt you? - Stop being so damn pessimistic, life is made to be enjoyed! - Try getting drunk or smoking some weed, works for me! - Just put your energy and focus on something else! - Why don't you try upping your meds?

Tell us which one are you, to win a custom made protective and isolating bubble, that blocks sound and image, so that no one nor anything can put your sensory, cognitive fantasy in risk of total collapse ever again!

[In the comments section]:

[Anonymous 1]: Heard those words so many times myself ... 😑

[Matthias Jablonka]: Running a page with write ups like these ones, I have seen the whole nine yards. From personal attacks, to nasty comments, you name it. And even assumptions about my persona, from total strangers that don't even know the first thing about me. x)

I have to say I'm unimpressed. I thought that at least by now some would do better, but it's always the same old same display of childish rage. Almost five years running this page, and still not one person that has said anything that could challenge or refute the points.

[Matthias Jablonka]: I wouldn't pay much attention, or even take them serious, their words are truly empty and meaningless. Once you understand where they are coming from with these angry, belittling or hateful remarks, you'll realize that these are screams of frustration and show inability to process. They say more about themselves than you, as these are a reflection of their own incapacity to see beyond the lie they live in and have constructed to 'deal with it'.

Basic understanding of behavioral human nature and psychology, show that this is nothing but a bunch of coping mechanisms put at work together with cognitive dissonance to hide a feeble and scared animal that's constantly on the run from seeing and facing the true ugly face of the world.

61. Nothing's more pathetic than the sight of slowly deteriorating fleshy marionettes being up to their neck with duties, occupations and concerns, just to avoid ending up getting kicked right in the genitals by dreariness, having their hair suddenly pulled by tedium, and being violently pushed around by ennui... Ha! No other species is so consciously aware and able to rationally understand how badly tormented, strongly oppressed and heavily persecuted they are by their own instincts of self-preservation, carnal desires, needy mental impulses, constant state of deprivation, genetic schedule, the futility of life, nature's absurd rules, the monotony of reality, and the vapidness of existence among many more, and still worship this so-called organic, psychological experiment, like it's a unique gift from ancient, benevolent gods, who care oh so very deeply about their worthless, mundane, and unavailing biological story...

I have been deconstructing and analyzing all this philosophical garbage for so long, and to this day, observing things like this still makes me facepalm, cringe, frown and shudder, like I just found out about all this yesterday, or that earlier today was the first time that I notice it... Amusing, in a quite unpleasant manner, to say the least.

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62. How to momentarily obtain a little bit of existential contentment: Bullshit yourself with fake positive thinking 24/7. Overwhelm your senses up to maximum capacity with all sorts of pleasurable stimuli. Tirelessly pursue different existential distractions, consume plenty of cultural entertainment, and constantly chase recreation after recreation. Force yourself to ignore all the horrible stuff that happens around the globe every moment of every day, by seeking shelter inside a cozy mental bubble, all the time. Try really hard to convince yourself that whatever you do has a useful purpose other than calming that internal sensation of utter cosmic emptiness, that you have an important goal in life other than slowly digging your own grave, and that your efforts objectively achieve something in the end.

How to experience the critical, long-term effects of crippling negativity: Nothing. Just wait for it... Any minute now…

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63. About the Needless Futilitarian Monotony that Should Have Never Been..., by Matthias Jablonka (Yes, for those that remember the title, this is a 2017 brand new update, of a previous piece that I wrote in 2014.)

Right after being forced to spend some time lying most likely horizontally unconscious for several hours straight by their weak and feeble silly little bodies, the overly-evolved sacks of putrescent meat wake up every day to face the same old energy-draining ordeal that it is consciousness, one more fucking time. And all of this is done just in order to regain enough vigor and willingness, to yet once again deal with the insipid content of their mundane, deprivational realities...

After finishing with the petty chores that revolve around the before mentioned act of slumbering, such as showering to clean their smelly, decaying bodies; dressing themselves up, to cover up their otherwise naked prison of skin, internal organs, weird fluids, and the several bones that hold the contraption altogether; and, also eating something for breakfast to obtain the much needed biological fuel that will allow them to function through the rest of the day, most of the fully grown, labor suited ones almost obligatorily will have to participate in this bizarre enslaving process of selling (or perhaps just exchanging, as it happens with the more refined, well-learned flesh puppets; who in the end are equally vacuous and empty as the other seemingly lesser ones) a certain amount of hours of their lives, to usually perform a few mindlessly robotic and meaninglessly repetitive tasks, with the sole finality of obtaining some much needed printed paper. Which after putting at use its imaginary value, will allow them to afford most of the basic corporeal needs that they have to consume to survive life, and all the psychological wants that they apparently require to sidetrack their own cosmic nullity, or simply endure existence. Oh, and this doesn't end here. No, no, that would be too easy peasy...then they continue to repeat this whole absurd cyclic process once again, and again; day after day, too; until pretty much, almost the very end of their humdrum, worthless lives... Nothing new appears; nothing else ever shows up.

Later, these decomposing marionettes who happen to be the useless playtoys of callous mother nature, finally get some very-well deserved free time for themselves. Recreation; distraction...you can really call it what you want...in the end, it's simply the process in which these breathing and defecating chunks of slowly falling apart stellar nullity, engage in less demanding and more laid-back activities to trigger a positive mood state, and proceed to hunt for pleasurable sensory stimuli, too.

While indulging in those activities, they will simply continue to waste some more time of their imposed insignificant little existences—mostly and basically—by fooling around amusing themselves (and perhaps others too) with the many different forms of cultural escapism that they have created. And, the main objective and idea behind this, is to manage to somehow remain completely oblivious of the fact that what they are all actually doing, is to ignore the insufferable pointlessness of it all, for a short-lasting while. Oh, and they really need to do this until it's time to get back into the very same voidness that they were not so long ago evicted from; otherwise boredom, tedium and ennui make an appearance. And you definitely don't want these three psychological big bad boys, performing a harrowing encephalic gangbang with you...oh no. Better snort all that escapism like there is no tomorrow. Overdose on it if you have to.

Now, this very same thing has been going on and on for aeons of time; and yet, only a very small portion of these revolting creatures (who are supposed to be the greatest achievement of evolution thus far) manage to realize and fully understand that they are being utterly and unashamedly exploited. Exploited not only by other overly-evolved sacks of putrescent meat at a higher position or with greater influence than them (many of them go by without noticing that all of these other rotting sacks of flesh, are also exploited existential slaves just like themselves); not just by a corrupt government or by a greedy corporation; and not only by an unjust and flawed system either, but at the very central core, mainly by the maddening futilitarian dog-eat-dog game dictated by existence itself...

Perambulating pieces of self-aware, cognitively responsive nothingness, wandering around aimlessly for a seemingly endless little bit; obliged to participate in a disgusting process of physical decomposition and withstand purposeless acts of mental hallucination, while they are being constantly mocked, insulted and laughed at, by the immense inutility that quietly reigns over them all...

Give me an F; Give me a U; Give me a T; Give me a I; Give me an L; Give me another I; And give me yet another T, and lastly a Y. What does that spell? FUTILITY! Ugh…

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64. Siding with the utter cosmic nullity of existence, certainly comes at a very high price... Mainly because it means to unleash a violent apocalypse, within all confines of your mind.

You will start to feel like an unwanted guest inside your own head. It's going to be all the venomous, miasmic thoughts generated by your own brain, who will do a great job at reminding you that you are not welcome there, anymore... Now you are always going to be treated as if you were a stranger, an outsider trespassing into someone else's mind... As if you committed an offensive and unpardonable crime, against yourself.

Behold the captured war prisoner that cannot be rescued; and who is now permanently stuck living in hostile territory, located far behind enemy lines.

Doomed to rot away in isolation inside the flesh prison cell that it's your body. Abandoned there to be little by little drained by cognition, consumed by consciousness, and tormented by awareness, until the last of your ill-fated, sentiently responsive moments...

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65. Stoicism is totally overrated, in my not so humble opinion... I see nothing admirable nor praiseworthy about it to be honest...

What's heroic about acting so hard like everything's fine and nothing bothers you, if you are internally being tore apart, and crumbling into pieces anyway?

Where's the merit in being able to take the punches of life right into the face, and pretending that they cause you no suffering nor distress when your nose is obviously bleeding out, and your shirt covered in this sticky red watery substance?

At least voicing out all of your discomfort, your annoyances, and your dissatisfaction, seems much more truth to the human condition. To the fact that you have a working neurological system that responds to sensory stimuli, and it's severely affected by nearby situational events...

There's not even a need to moan or to be overly-dramatic either. Simply honest about the fact that everything is so fucked up beyond all repair... That to exist always brings more torment and affliction, and that the moments of pleasure and relaxation are short-lived, scarce, and far in between... That awakening into liveliness is a psychophysical ordeal on so many different levels...

Human beings are feeble sentient creatures who are ruled by feelings, moods and emotions. Pain, tedium, boredom, fright, angst, panic, agony...these things are a mirror-like reflection of the horrific nature of this biological experience. It would be self-treacherous and corrupt to hide these impulses; to deny that these vexations exist; to cover up instead of exposing this perpetual and maddening existential state of total chaos, ceaseless putrefaction, and utter confusion.

It's much more lionhearted to openly admit that you are a vulnerable meat toy; a puppet to your genetic impulses and cerebral commands; a psychological train-wreck falling into disrepair...than to act like an inanimate object or insensitive robot that can pull off this very convincing poker face towards the world, just to hide its existential delicacy and cosmic fragility…

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66. There's nothing that a good night of sleep cannot take care of, heal, or fix, so they say... Except get rid of your crippling depression; pay your debts; help you avoid having to go to work tomorrow; cure your cancer; fix your ugly face; improve your shitty personality; and the list goes on forever...

Basically, sleep or no sleep, you are still a fucking psychological cluster-fuck mess dealing with a cosmic existential nightmare, while consciously trapped in a meaty flexible receptacle that it's slowly rotting away towards oblivion.

But hey, the good news is that if you managed to catch some sleep, you are at least a well rested one!

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67. There's something quite comical about the way that the human mind interprets and deconstructs reality.

We all grow up so used to things being, act, look or behave in a fixed manner that, whenever we come across something that doesn't match those expected characteristics (just one exotic or alien characteristic is usually more than enough to cause a great psychological mess), we either freak out, it takes us some time to explain to ourselves what the hell is going on, maybe even have trouble processing the information altogether and end up in sheer denial, feel utterly repulsed, react shocked, or we simply stand in awe.

If you think about it, the only reason why things such as coming across a human that it's covered in thick greenish fur, has six eyes, four legs and communicates not using a known language but guttural noises would seem like something out of a body horror film directed by John Carpenter/David Cronenberg, observing a wolf being chased by vicious predatory sheep something dream-like and surreal, or a talking iguana with the head of a horse and a talking horse with the body of an iguana would appear as a strange genetic or lab mutation to us, is precisely because we already have in our heads the idea and mental image of how humans and certain creatures or animals are supposed to look, behave and act.

If we grew up in a reality where things are as I just described them, what we see now as common—an iguana looking like an iguana, a horse looking like a horse, the wolves eating the sheep, and a human having only two legs, two eyes and no greenish fur who communicates using proper language—would be the stuff that could generate disgust, make us ask ourselves what the fuck is going on/cause us to run way in fear, or what it would appear like a circus deformity to our perception...

Everything that we now see as ordinary, standard or typical is this way to us because of a process of peripheral accustomization that begins to shape our impressions of reality from a very early age, and later makes us start taking things for granted.

It's pretty humorous (to say the least) to realize that our definition of normal in this case is entirely situational; linked to time, space and the habitational/evolutionary conditions of a planet...

Nevertheless, it penetrates our heads so deep that minor alterations filtering the notion of our senses and invading our fragile heads, are enough to cause enormous amounts of mental revolt, or even a permanent case of psychological traumatization. Ha…

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68. From the outside, the idea of the existence of a creature that absorbs and interprets reality through an abstract sensory experience while its machine-like brain is constantly pumping information and seeking ways to fill cognitive gaps until the fleshy receptacle that inhabits encounters a premature type of malfunction or becomes naturally deteriorated by the pass of time because it's being slowly consumed by a process of organic putrefaction silently happening in the background, would sound exactly like the type of bizarre, secretive biological experiment done by a bunch of mad scientists who have their creepy base located deep underground in the antarctic filled with tortured test subjects decorating the scenery of the place as a main visual attraction.

Yet, we are all not only currently witnessing something extremely similar to this right now, but also taking part of it, and see this as a totally commonplace occurrence precisely because we are that strange organic experiment conceived by nature and evolution…

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69. Success and failure are nothing but two asinine sides of the same worthless coin for the discourteous, uncaring mass of cosmic clutter that it is the universe.

While someone is busy making huge efforts and insanely wasting all of its time attempting to achieve one (or at least avoiding to end up directly experiencing the other), the sidereal landscape remains entirely unaffected and unbothered to which one was more prevalent at the closure of a lifespan.

The overall subjective experience and peripheral reality of an insignificant chunk of spoiling flesh stuffed with cognitive perception, is always going to be the only thing being touched or influenced by this particular psychological factor.

A factor that simply determines the amount of contentment and festivity, or the quantity of discomfort and hellish ordeals that again, an irrelevant slice of meaty stellar nullity will have to put up with or obtain during its equally absurd and pointless journey back into the solacing realm of oblivion. Which is by now insanely crowded with the symbolic ethereal remains of all those who have luckily abandoned the corporeal imprisonment, and are currently slumbering in a blissful state of perpetual blackout.

And that's why cadavers will always be one step ahead of the flimsy living.

When was the last time that you heard a corpse whining, complaining or venting over such fatuous things like these ones? That's right, NEVER. Because they aren't part of this Futilefest of physical putrefaction, cerebral bombardment and sensory invasion anymore. They are beyond all the useless, yet seemingly mandatory pipe dream chasing to find some relief; and all those desperate comings and goings being pursued with the hopes that they will alleviate and pacify the forward-marching colossal wave of night and broad daylight terrors and deprivations that are constantly coming after them with a seek, torment, infect and destroy type of mentality.

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70. Something about this planet that has always dumbfound me is the huge amount of entwined situational occurrences you can find out there. Millions and millions of subjective experiences all happening on the same sphere, on the same universe.

How you can have in one part part of the world a person worrying about something silly such as what film or show is going to watch tonight before bedtime, and perhaps another one having a really hard time deciding what will it wear for work tomorrow, while at the exact same

time you can find in another part of the world not so far away from those two petty and mundane events, maybe a person slowly leaving this terrestrial plane for bleeding out after being stabbed to death by two robbers that wanted to steal its cellphone and wallet, or a person seeing its whole life ending from one second to the other after finding itself in the middle of a shootout between the police and some thieves, and dying from a stray bullet wound to the head for being at the wrong place at the wrong time when it decided to go for a walk with its dog...

The realization that this bizarre, incongruent soup of irrelevancies, foolishness, superficiality, hardships, troubles and distress coexists in the same reality all at once is absolutely preposterous. Ridiculous beyond comprehension.

I can almost feel my brain carving a hole through my cranium, packing things up, and getting ready to take a permanent vacation from all cognitive activity

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71. Fun ways to destroy your life:

Easy (Or medium/hard; depends of determinism, and your psychological constitution): Grab a shotgun, and blow your brains out. Pick up a sharp knife, slash your veins, and wait until you bleed out. Jump off a bridge. Jump in front of a speeding vehicle. Get intoxicated with a bunch of pills.

End of the story. Problem solved. You're out.

Medium: Fall in love with the wrong person, and suffer internally for a long, long time. Probably as you have to watch how he/she moves on with life, while you remain stuck analyzing yourself in order to try to understand what went wrong for many months to come. Or even years, considering your luck.

And, just when you thought that you were fully recovered, and didn't have to carry that wound for the rest of your life, the memories unexpectedly make a convenient come back every once in a while after a certain period of time, to pester you another time.

Hard: Become addicted to some sort of fucked-up drug. Observe how you lose your current job, stain your reputation, and ruin your whole career.

Also, your family and friends will probably realize that you are a lost case, and abandon your ass forever.

Once you are out on the streets after wasting all of your money savings, you will embark on an adventurous journey eventually ending up doing all sorts of crazy things to feed your addiction. Like being filmed at a farm sucking animal dicks, fighting other homeless drug addicts like yourself, or getting fist-fucked by a gang of AIDS infected midgets, to afford one more hit of that precious drug that makes you feel so, so good.

Impossible: Develop a serious interest in philosophy. Then, start reading stuff about the pointlessness of existence, the absurdity of the world, and the futility of it all.

Keep on delving deeper and deeper into these concepts, and notice how little by little you start dying inside. You will fully lose your will to live, and fall into an endless abyss of nothingness that will impregnate your brain with morbid ideas, infuriating thoughts, and disturbing sensations.

Your degree consciousness and level of grasping will expand to the point where day to day life is an intolerable ordeal. Nothing is worth the effort. Everything is a waste of time. The mundanity is too much to handle, and you actually feel mental pain from acknowledging how retardedly absurd and vain this business of life truly is.

And, of course, this would not be impossible without you realizing that you aren't built for suicide, and there's no easy way out of hellish mess this either. In fact, now you will have to keep on going like this until you die of senescence many, many years from now. Getting worse and worse by the minute too. And while you are constantly being tortured by a strong case of internal vacuity, haunted by maddening feelings of cerebral emptiness, and chased by an insufferable sense of existential despondency.

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72. I don't think anyone would see life with the same wildly optimistic eyes, if there would be an obligation to deal with the experience of spending at least a relatively lengthy period of time locked inside a sensory deprivation chamber...and be left there alone with their thoughts for several days, to get a taste of what this Lovecraftian nightmare of existence is actually all about.

It's quite evident that if you remove from people's reality all those things that make it a lot more bearable to withstand the torturous pass of time and excrete out the artificial and illusory effect of positive stimuli (such as the recreative effect obtained from psychological sedatives; the amount of distraction from seeking after corporeal pleasure; inventions that provide mental block from the different constant negatives, and so on), that sunny outward appearance that many possess—which is used to keep alive a vile superficial lie, and conceal what it is in reality a much less creditable and enjoyable existential situation—will rapidly vanish into thin air.

Disheartened beings swamped in dismay and deformed by the perpetual pressure of a thousand gravitational abysses; beings who have to hide behind a sturdy exoskeleton made out of reverie, self-deception, favorable cerebral hallucinations and daydreams, that protects them

for further damage; until liberation from being placed inside an obnoxious, overly-demanding flesh container, and penalized with the cognitive oppression of sentience, ultimately comes to the rescue…

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73. Sometimes great exchanges that are pure gold when it comes to the quality of the content occur in the post comments. And, since once that a post dies after two or three days of publication and disappears entirely from the news feed, most of you don't even get a chance to ever read the stuff that happened.

So, I'm going to share one from a while back.

(The main reason I chose this one is because I'm sure that most of you page followers have also been asked many of these same types of questions before. Considering that we all probably share a very similar train of thoughts, and have nearly identical outlooks/viewpoints about life, the world, and ultimately, existence itself.)

Anyway, here it is. Enjoy.

- Matthias Jablonka

"PERSON SAYS: OK, so I thought initially that your writings held a measure of irony or that there might be pokes of positivity, but after reading more, I'm pretty sure they don't. So some serious, genuine questions for you.

1. If you're convinced of your perspective, why do you choose to continue living?

2. How did you get to your perspective?

3. As a member of the human race that you decry so much, where do you place yourself in terms of your values and behaviours etc? Do you yourself represent virtue?

MY RESPONSE: Hi there. Sure, I don't mind answering your questions.

1. We are all sentient beings who are at the very core ruled by survival instinct and a will to live, thus it would go against our natural programming to do that. No one decides to stop living out of nowhere or for no reason, it's something that they do because they run out of options. They have been pushed too far-off the edge, or experience so many constant wrongs, that they can't take it anymore.

Self-termination usually comes accompanied by some sort of mental breakdown or when you catch your instincts of self-preservation off guard, and so far I have been quite healthy, stable and alert.

The fact that I acknowledge, expose or talk about the futility of life, the fuckedupness of the world and the uselessness of existence, doesn't affect or cripples me at a reasoning, sentimental, or deep personal level; I am psychologically capable and physically strong enough to handle it or deal with it without great complications or further problems.

Recognizing the undeniable amount of cosmic misery that it exists inside our universe, doesn't necessarily makes me a miserable person myself.

One doesn't need to be visually impaired to care about the blind, and even a mass murderer can feed a starving dog.

2. By experiencing, analyzing and observing reality on a daily basis, pretty much since I started reasoning, gained self-consciousness and have the use of memory.

It's no mystery really; it all becomes pretty obvious once that you start paying some attention and leave aside the delusional egotism that characterizes the species and take off the cheap armor made out of fake positivity that we are all given with birth to protect ourselves while dealing with all the absurd nonsense. Oh, and ceasing the intake of the mind-numbing distractions, helps a lot too.

Negativity reigns over the world; if you notice, most of the positives are just artificial constructs that we have conceived through time, and that we put at use to numb the pains or ease the horrors. The suffering has been there since the beginning, we later fabricated the medicine to counterattack the unbearable effect that it has in us.

Fulfillment and happiness are nothing more than temporal vaccines that we inject ourselves to deal with the fact that we are constantly dejected, hollow and deprived.

3. I am not a member of humanity by choice. No one is, actually. We are not asked if we want to be born, we are just abandoned into the desert of reality, and we are then left to slowly rot while we interpret sensory stimuli and examine psychological content until meeting an end, most likely by the passing of time or at the hands of some sort of bodily malfunction.

For some, this reality is good enough. Others don't precisely love it, but they like it just enough to withstand and remain. And some are just more easily tamed and adapt better to the circumstances. It doesn't mean anything special or speaks about anything else other than subjective preference, how easily their demands are satisfied, and of their level of subjugation.

I can't seem to 'bend the knee' to all that. What's found in the middle this birth-life-death transition, is objectively vain, pointless and mundane, so I guess that makes me this dissenter and nonconformist that all those who are so accommodated and content, can't handle or dislike so much.

Of course not, that would make me a hypocrite. I am just another ephemeral slice of self-conscious nullity passing through and on its way back into the void.

My awareness of the flaws that I carry with me simply for being a person that it is defined by the rules and traits of human nature, has given me some sort of control and dominance over them, but this certainly doesn't make me any less flawed or human at the end of the day.

And, if you notice, the attacks are seldomly ad hominem ones, but directed entirely to the essence of human nature, as I mentioned above.

I think that I answered all of it, right?

The writing is just entertainment from the stupidity of it all. In a way, we are all cosmic pawns of nature, and no amount of awareness or ability to see the chains will set us free from that. The chains are indestructible, and there is no key at reach that can be used to open the lock and obtain a release, other than death.
I just so happen to enjoy documenting the stuff that occurs inside this celestial slaughterhouse, which would still be there regardless if someone writes about it or not. The only difference is that it wouldn't make those who disregard or purposely ignore all of these things by seeking permanent resident inside their protective bubbles, so uncomfortable when they come across it."

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74. Now in: "Common Futilitarian Observations Regarding the Utter Uselessness of Human Existence"

Mandatory fancy title aside, let's get right to it:

Amidst the icy-cold emptiness of space, you will find this massive planetary prison filled with self-conscious wandering phantoms, inhabiting decaying organic meat suits, spread all over the godforsaken place. And, since they are limited and defined by the insignificance & dullness of their own existential reality, quite an insipid, vain bunch they truly are.

All that they do (from birth to death), is to continuously engage in meaningless activities, perform routinary psychophysical tasks, and pursue pointless everyday life chores, just to somehow manage to forget the constant embodiment of voidness that they always represent; and with this, hoping to avoid at the same time, having to face the nauseating smell of vacuity that they perpetually emanate.

Most of them unawarely and obliviously embrace day after day—moment after moment—the same monotonous and absurd nullity that constantly surrounds them, absolutely convinced that their worthless efforts & aimless achievements will lead them somewhere safe; somewhere remarkable...

When in fact, all that they are actually doing is just sentimentally involving themselves in a vain illusory act (using a deceptive culture of mental escapism as their banner) to kill some of the many painful empty moments of time that they have in front of them. Until the silent, never-ending black screen that it is death, finally sets permanently right in front of their faces, while taking them back into the abstract entrails of nothingness at the same time.

Leaving behind only their lifeless, mucoid and smelly rotten carcasses as a temporary corporeal proof of the wretched and viciously barbaric game of biological inadequacy that, they were just reproductively forced to participate in...

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75. Part 4 of: "And now, for something completely different:"

When she's philosophically submissive, and wants you to talk rationally dirty to her (works the other way around too):

You are a putrid chunk of flesh. A decomposing meat container.

Nothing you say, come up with or accomplish in life matters in the face of a meaningless and absurd universe that doesn't care about you, or your vain little achievements in the slightest.

Everything you do on a daily basis is a futile attempt to distract and sidetrack your own nullity because you are a deprived existential slave.

Soon you will be dead, gone and forgotten. An abortion survivor doomed to failure from the start, that should have never been evicted from the empty abyss of space.

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76. And now, for something completely different (Part 3):

When most people say that they are "old school", what they usually mean is that they possess mannerisms, attitudes and customs that are no longer that much in use, or maybe that they don't correspond to these modern times anymore.

And, when a person claims that it feels as if it was "born in the wrong generation", what this individual is trying to convey is that it has cultural, romantic and psychological connotations that are very positive with previous periods of time; such as how things were in the reality of the 1920s, 60s, 70s or 80s, just to name a few.

Now, when I say that I am old school, what I really mean is that I go back to the time where sentient beings were completely nonexistent. When there weren't such insanely idiotic things as instinctive commands, a behavioral nature, personality traits or survivalistic impulses. No cerebral perception, no self-consciousness, no peripheral awareness either...

Yeah, very old school indeed. None of that futile, stupid and drama generating bullshit created by ego-driven slices of meat anywhere around to be noticed.

And, when I claim that I perceive that I was born in the wrong period of time, what I'm trying to verbally exteriorize is that I belong to a time over 13.82 billion years ago.

That incredible moment in spacetime when the universe was still unformed.

When perpetual voidness was spread throughout the yet nonexistent stellar landscapes.

When everlasting nullity had a sovereign rule over the vast pitch-black emptiness of the cosmos; who was also, not yet invaded by matter, or populated by any kind of organism.

That's right, I know what you are thinking: "but nothing existed, so there were no births back then..." Ah, those were the good days baby.

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77. After some time analyzing reality, it ends up being visually clear that a strict program of absurd uniformity regulates the entire sentient, biological world.

While we might have the modern mental capacity to vividly notice this now, our reality has always been enslaved by a monotonous organic dictatorship; and, we humans, together with most of the other creatures that inhabit the animal kingdom, are all basically preordained to constantly having to pointlessly and mechanically sleep, eat, drink, shit, piss, play and repeat every day, all the time, until demise.

When one breaks free from the illusion of variety and gets sick of uselessly fleeing from the uneventful and futile routine of life, it is easy to realize that there's no such thing as 'freedom', just lesser degrees of awareness regarding our state of captivity as the insignificant meaty puppets of existence that we are...

We all have to coexist with the invisible big fat thumb of sadistic mother nature, shoved deep inside our asses. And, it really toys with us the way it wants it, until we either die from natural causes, or we somehow manage to gather enough existential determination to force a premature biotic shutdown.

A much needed closure, so that we can find death. Who, in the end, is our only true ally. Given that unconsciousness and nonexistence are found in its domains.

Death is ultimately in possession of the key to open the door to the locked path out of this putrid organic mess. A path that will lead us towards nothingness, which is our escape from the perceptive nightmare of existence. And the sole way to eventually find salvation, from have been sentiently incarcerated without consent, inside the utterly bizarre jailhouse of life.

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78. Throw a ball to a dog, command it to go find it, and you will make him or her really happy. No questions ask, no drama, and no problems.

It will start to run after it with great amounts of energy, and bring it back to you while sporting a lively tail swing. It will probably insist for you to do it again, and again, until it feels physically exhausted, but not actually bored of performing said action.

Now, throw a ball to a human, ask the same thing, and it will most likely stare at you with a "what the fuck did you do that for?" face. It will ask you: what the hell is the point behind that action? What is the purpose of you throwing it, and me retrieving it? What does it achieve? What does that accomplishes?

And so on, with a million of boring philosophical questions, that will probably melt your brain, and leave it like an overly-microwaved marshmallow...

Make a cerebral switch to the subjects mentioned in this example, and the result will be the same, but inverted. Now the dog becomes the annoying party pooper, and the human is now the buoyant and enthusiastic beast.

Conclusion: gleefulness, joviality and that adorable sense of lively positivity, are nothing but the direct result of peripheral obliviousness, combined with a lack of pragmatic reasoning...

A secondary effect of swimming in a sea of psychological ignorance, so to speak.

"Yeah but lots of people are like that too, and they also have a capable mind." Having it doesn't mean that they actively put it at use. And someone can be smart about geometry, chemistry, geography or history, but remain totally ignorant of the cosmic uselessness of it all...

This is what a highly-developed cerebral capacity does to creatures: it ruins all sense of fun; it destroys the ability to enjoy the little things. It obliterates the mental shelter needed to allow proper functionality in a world ruled by triviality and shallowness.

As long as someone finds itself on good terms with the humdrumness and prosaic mundanity of reality, things will be relatively okay. However, as soon someone wakes up from that illusory dream, a strong sense of taedium vitae will invade. And their perception of reality will insidiously begin to morph into an insufferable and nightmarish cognitive inferno, that will most likely haunt them all the way down the road back towards the pitch-black nullity of spatial nothigness.

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79. Realistically poignant notion of the day:

In the long run, it doesn't really matter how hard people try to embellish their performances and actions with such illusory things as meaning, reason and purpose; or, how utterly convinced they may be that anything inside of their absurd, inconsequential little existences, somehow matters and that it has any relevance whatsoever outside themselves.

Everything is eventually reduced to being just one futile existential maneuver that primarily consists about killing and/or distracting all the imposed conscious moments of time that they happen to have in front of themselves, until finally encountering nonexistence—either naturally, or most likely by deciding to violently venture after it themselves.

This is a harsh (yet so accurate) fact about existence, that not even the most monumentally deluded individuals can escape from. An attempt to run away from it, changes nothing either way.

You see, even if anyone by random chance successfully manages to spend an entire lifespan unaware of it, this veracious reality inevitably catches up with them at the end.

The moment that anyone is ejected into existence, it immediately becomes foredoomed to mentally experience boundless amounts of cosmic inutility while its meat container slowly degenerates. The rest is nothing more than a colorful and loud festival of psychological self-deception...

As everything that exists has been already silently sentenced to sink inside the eternal and ubiquitous abyss of nothingness that reigns over the entire universe, from the very beginning of it all.

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80. Perhaps the most exasperating (for the lack of a more representative word, to accurately describe the perceived inconvenience) problem behind this whole business of existing as a piece of meat that finds itself in a constant state of decay pointlessly racing towards oblivion, while possessing a high-level of self-awareness and cognitive comprehension of it all—a thing which only seems to make the whole meaningless, tedious and irrelevant process, even more complex and stressful than what it is by default—it's not so much the fact that there are so many empty moments of consciousness that have to be filled and distracted every day. Day after day too, until the very last day of our lives.

The issue is clearly more related to the vain and dull nature of the great majority of the existing content that it's found available out there, to fill those seemingly eternal and painfully mundane seconds, minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years of our vacant little lives with...

For starters, a highly-evolved mind more often than not, cannot help but to eventually become very selective and increasingly demanding towards the whole futilitarian process of distraction. Sometimes so selective and demanding, that most of the time it cannot find anything worthy or relevant of its time.

What once was enough to calm down the ravenous hunger of the brain, now it's just seen as a small amount of leftovers.

Everything feels like a total waste (because it is). Nothing can satisfy the internal sense of cosmic hollowness either...

And, it's after this, when it will have to face its own abyssal nullity. Only to later end up dealing with an intense invasion of dismal emptiness. Sometimes so intense, that it becomes too much to bear; even for tough minds usually capable of dealing with great amounts of physical discomfort, or existential despair.

Over time, this also appears to cause such a powerful case of mental fatigue, as to generate a perpetual state of anguish for all the poor and wretched individuals, who find themselves forcefully involved in this ridiculous game of awakening to sentience, while being helplessly stuck inside this useless, forlorn slaughterhouse of a place.

Because of this unfulfilled nightmarish perception of reality, the mind (after absorbing all these unfortunate occurrences) gradually ceases to joyfully to take part in all forms of activity. And, no longer finds any pleasure in continuing being forced by existence to remain on this insignificant tiny rock, simply to waste some time for no apparent good reason, until the inevitable moment of closure, finally decides to arrive either...

Therefore, longing not to be sentient and cerebrally responsive anymore, can be later understood as an honest act of empathy towards the self. Instead of an act of self-deprecation, hate and dislike, as it's most usually perceived by minds not familiarized with the before mentioned sensations or concepts.

And then, it can also be rationally deduced that the urge to embrace nonexistence it's not actually caused by a lack of enjoyment obtained out of existence, but rather the over-appreciation, understanding and full acknowledgment of the realization of its miserable inadequacy, vile fruitlessness, and overall abortive cyclic nature.

The mind fully grasps and detailedly explains to itself that it's not possible to defeat futility, nor manage to fulfill its own nullity. And, tired of being a contender in a bizarre absurdist battle, it demands going back into the nothingness, where it can finally be at peace...

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81. Our wretched tale is that of sorrowful and miserable protoplasmic figurines that have been imprisoned without consent inside of a wearisome container made out of decaying flesh. While simultaneously, located inside our feeble heads, we possess a complex organic device that gives us more awareness, insight and understanding than the one we really need, to fulfill our nonsensical existential programming of repetitive and mundane biological stupidity.

A programming that goes beyond being extremely illogical and ridiculous, as it mainly consists of consumption, survival, reproduction, taking care of physical & mental deprivations, and nothing else.

It's a very blunt, straightforward process too.

Consumption for the empty sake of survival; survival to postpone an inevitable ending; dealing with deprivations to ease an endless and intense sense of psychosomatic voidness; and finally replicate ourselves through reproduction, so that other poor bastards like us can also become woebegone prisoners of existence, and repeat the same meaningless and vile cycle of insufferable nothingness and distressing uselessness proposed by existence.

Unintelligent design indeed...

After a few basic and simple realizations, regarding the way that things work in our reality, the stench of failure perceivable from being trapped in this putrescent place becomes so awful and strong, that it can instantly makes us nauseous.

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82. Sorry, but all that those attempts of psychologize in reverse with arguments such as: 'some people don't even have a clean glass of water to drink, and you are complaining about stuff', or: 'a person out there might be dealing with having a worm buried in its eye socket, be glad is not you' do, is put out even more in the open how existence is ruled by the senseless indifference and pitiless uncaringness of idiotic blind forces. The fact that stuff like that happens even if only to just a few people every 100 years, makes you question so much more the value, purpose and worth of life; and finally realize that, it intrinsically has none. Noticing how 'precious', 'all-knowing' and 'all-wise' mother nature constantly pops out creatures to later watch them get sick, contract a disease, be killed, suffer terrible and finally die in horrible ways, is a pretty damn forlorn picture too, to say the least. Albeit one that perfectly depicts this "dog eat dog" world we exist in; kudos for that, I guess.

So, we are part of a punishment and reward evolutionary process of survival, worthy of the Dark Ages? Good to know I should be celebrating, yay. You mean to tell me that to develop tunnel-like vision and a narcissistic "I come first, screw the rest" type of perception, is key in remaining a sane member of reality? Great, just great, I'm on it. We are always in biological debt, always in cognitive negative numbers, and somehow one should still be glad for being relatively okay and thankful for not having to deal with harrowing stimuli because one obligatorily manages to meet those feudalistic demands dictated by our own programming? Sure, sure, let's keep on feeding the callous and sadistic existential tax collectors then, why not.

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83. One of my greatest pet peeves, is hearing people complain about the negative side of stuff they are voluntarily getting involved in, or decisions they have consciously made over the outcome of their lives. Especially, when their negative aspects aren't particularly secretive or mega hidden, but more like common knowledge—and, when I say common, I mean there's not even the need to investigate, study or read a simple wiki article to know about common. Things that everyone dormantly knows; even if (or when) they believe don't know.

Yes, I could mention hundreds or maybe thousands of them. But, as an Antinatalist, in the upper top ten, there's obliviously: parenting... Who the fuck doesn't know about the many different negative sides of creating new critters, huh, WHO? Yet, there you have these people whining, moaning, sobbing, showing signs of annoyance, demonstrating unhappiness, begging for pity and/or attention, and perhaps making a huge social deal over their petty and mundane problems coming out entirely of a mess they got/put themselves in.

Oh, you can't sleep at night? You have no social life? They generate huge expenses? They are clingy and ultra needy as fuck? Your house 24/7 looks like it was hit by a hurricane? They bring outside world teenage problems into your home? They drive you nuts with their screaming and crying? They don't respect you and treat you like shit? You educated them through yelling and beating the shit out of them, and now wonder why they hate you? They are one of the main reasons why you and your partner are growing apart? They grew up to become ungrateful bastards that never call or visit? They want to put you in a nursing home? Boo fucking hoo.

And you mean to tell me that you didn't know about any of the above beforehand, Sherlock fucking Holmes? Most aren't even a potential occurrences, but more like a secured future reality... 9 out of 10, they become true, baby. You deserve every single minute of that self-created nightmarish hell. And yes, you are most welcome to call me a cold-hearted asshole, if that makes you fell better, it won't change a thing either way.

Too bad about the critters, though; because now they are non-consenting inmates of this mess called existence. And, an irreversible part of the meat-grinder cycle of life...

Many will be utterly neglected, and end up expending more time with a nanny or other family members than with their biological creators. More than a few, will grow to become antisocial, experience PTSD from divorce, abuse, peer pressure and the usual demands of modern life. Most will have to deal with drug, alcohol or other social event related problems more than once. Their mental health will be at risk too, with things like anxiety, hallucinations, depression, extreme fears, suicidal thoughts; possibly throughout the course of their lives.

And (to wrap it up), what is ultimately worse, they will most likely imitate their parents' behavior, and become parents themselves, making all this go horribly full circle and start fresh (actually rotten) all over again...

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84. For the fleshy automatons, life is such a messy blur.

One big gap of bleak and dismal emptiness, that strangely exists in the existential time lapse that it is found between their nonsensical births, and inescapable deaths...

By the time that they become self-aware of their imposed beginning, they have also made quite a bit of progress in their process of decay that will allow themselves to become nothingness once again.

Since most of them cannot face their own nullity in a raw state, they necessarily have to cover up most (saying all wouldn't be dramatic either) of their moments of conscious vacuity, with useless pastimes and absurd distractions. Just to make it all a bit more passable, and palatable, too.

That's why they have created this mundane, humdrum thing that they like to call reality. In it, they hallucinate having things like meaningful plans, a sense of purpose and important goals.

And yes, their minds need all this like their bodies need water, air and food for survival. Just like they start to feel physical pains if they don't drink, breathe or eat for some time, they experience even worse feelings if their minds are not swallowing this ridiculous hallucination that allows them to fantasize, block and forget.

Forget not only that nothing matters, that their lives are universally irrelevant, and that all is futile. But also, that they have been abandoned amidst the vast hollowness of the cosmos to experience nothing else than this loathsome corporeal void, because they happen to be the forlorn playthings of this despicable irrational, uncaring concept, better known as existence...

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85. Only those who succeed at blocking their level of awareness and manage to construct a fallacious fantasy inside their minds, are able to enjoy the mundane and tedious routine of existence. For the rest, it's all about a dreadful test of physical struggle and mental endurance.

It's utterly distressing for an awakened mind to come to terms and fully understand that all that will come next—starting from this point, and all the way towards death—is either a recycled repetition, or a slightly modified version of: sleep, eat, drink, work, study, mindless recreation, shit, piss, sex, play, socialization, useless distraction, and rinse and repeat it all over again the next day. And the day after that one, and the other, and the other one too...

Existence not only needs, but it practically demands the individuals to distort and alter their reality in a dishonest way, just to manage to withstand the colossal futility and the dismal emptiness that it can always be found inside of it.

Just to forget and ignore that they are slaves of their dull cerebral demands, and puppets of their vain carnal desires.

Limited and defined by an insipid cycle of absolute nothingness.

And, for those who are simply too rational to subdue towards such absurdly ridiculous demand, the whole thing quickly transforms into an insufferable ordeal...

If you refuse to live a lie or cannot adapt to play by these awful rules, you are doomed to patiently wait for the ending; while in the meantime, you are forced to experience an atrocious amount of pointless occurrences that are going to contain nothing but more of the same old tiring existential stupidity.

Needless to say that existence is not a very good deal, and sadly, if you are already here obliged to exist, you are stuck with it until departure.

There is no salvation, no liberation and no way to obtain absolution, other than to seek after death and the soothing effect of its eternal rest.

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86. Every day—from the moment that we wake up, until the moment that we go to bed again—we (willingly or unwillingly) embark ourselves in a dreamlike and bizarre quest that revolves entirely all around attempting to keep our restless minds busy or occupied; trying to temporarily fulfill our demanding corporeal deprivations; and engage in a ceaseless lost struggle against our seemingly infinite sense of psychological vacuity...

In the long run, our entire existences can be without any doubt condensed, encapsulated and simplified, as just an awkwardly glued together series of routinary distractions, ponderous self-disruptions and mind-numbing quantities of pointless leisure, that dullishly and repetitively continue to occur until we meet our demise.

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87. A friend once told me that this piece should be the de facto post every time that something nasty happens around the world. But, if I did that, I would have to repost this one every day; sometimes, several times a day too...

Anyway, here it is:

"Cute how certain people still get surprised about violent, cruel and barbaric acts happening out there. Shit's been fucked up since the very beginning. History doesn't lie, and it tells us that this has been nothing but worldwide bloodshed from the start.

And, there are no good sides or bad sides either, it's all just mindless and sadistic evilness. It's part of the essence of nature, the way that life happens to be...

Humanity has always been at war with itself and with other species. If it isn't a big war, is a small war, or a riot, or a crime, or a fight, or a harsh verbal confrontation with great chances of physics meeting biology in a bloody encounter too, showing that we are despicable monsters always on the verge and about to break loose.

Not to mention all of the nasty thoughts about murder, violence, abuse and ill-treatment that we wish upon others existing even in the most peaceful and innocent of us that, never gets a chance to materialize.

The animal world isn't in much better conditions either, they aren't in a much better position than us, we just see a bunch lions gruesomely ripping a zebra apart and explain to ourselves that it is natural to avoid further mental conflict or drama, without ever asking so much if this is moral, ethical or if all of this pointless suffering and misery is going anywhere, or achieving anything at all other than hideous repetition for the sake of hideous repetition...

And, even when it's not sentient beings creating the mess, there are always earthquakes, tsunamis, hurricanes and whatnot, to reassure the fact that life is by default a horrifying and nightmarish dystopia packed with a neverending supply of death, chaos, pain and destruction.

Yet, we never learn. It always takes drastic or dramatic occurrences to allow us to see for a little moment what goes on everywhere and at all times in a bigger or larger scale across the globe, but then we fall asleep once again and use coping mechanisms to ignore all of this.

We conveniently forget and move on, and thus, nothing ever changes...

As long as people keep reproducing and bringing new self-conscious decaying flesh to play a futile, vicious game that even them can often admit that it is fucked up even with all the delusional optimism distorting their reality and dangerous positive thinking blinding their views, this bullshit is going to continue for a long, long time.

Doomed to failure, yes. But, that's not the worst part, the worst part is that nothing seems to be able to stop, and that the torments and ordeals, have been conveniently built to last...

Buckle up because the freak circus is always putting up new shows, and the touring has just begun."

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88. Something tells me that there must be some sort of quantity discount when it comes to the new years statuses, because almost everyone begins to regurgitate the same inspirational bullshit covered in really cheap optimism, close to end of EVERY fucking year...

One stupid number changes to another stupid number in a silly calendar... Big whoop.

A tiny little rock floating amidst the uncaring emptiness of space has completed yet another pointless rotation around a bright, yellow ball of fire... Big whoop.

Self-aware rotting sacks of meat who haven't yet answered the call of the grave, making a huge deal about preparing themselves to welcome another 365 days of more of the same monotonous, absurd, repetitive and predictable daily doings done by the spiteful living, inside an insipid and futilitarian cyclic reality, that has been drowning in uneventful cosmic nonsense, since its lame inception... Big fucking whoop.

Oh, and new years my ass. More like happy recycled, same old same old, nothing new at all years; since it's all a washed out repetition of a washed out repetition, with minor superficial changes or desperate alterations done on purpose, to scare away the routine, and conceal the utter dullness behind this whole business of being a deprived sentient abomination, trapped in a seemingly unending bad dream.

But hey, at least some of us are an entire year more biologically deteriorated and consumed by decay, which instantly equals to being a little bit closer to obtain an exit from this putrid, crestfallen pigpen called planet earth.

Yay, now that's something to celebrate like there's no tomorrow. Except, that survival instinct will probably ruin the whole party, and there will be a tomorrow...

And, just when I was trying to be positive about something for a change, realistic negativity finds its way to make a reminder. Oh well. Never again will I make the same mistake, I promise.

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89. Let's see: If you blackout from a strong hit in the head with a blunt weapon, everything goes blank, the world disappears, and even if your body is still physically found in the world you are pretty much gone... If doctors inject you with general anesthesia before a procedure or operation, you experience total loss of consciousness, together with the ability to sense your surroundings or perceive what's going on... If you pass out after a night of heavy drinking or severe drug abuse, you temporarily lose touch with reality, as you fall into a deep period of paralytic stasis... If you get yourself involved in an accident that causes you to end up in a coma, again, even if your corporeal vessel is still here, you lack so much brain functionality that you are officially considered a vegetable by medical standards...

So, with all of these experiences, phenomenons and occurrences being perfectly documented, analyzed and understood, why are so many people still so insecure and fearful of what happens after death? Isn't clear enough that the most reasonable answer is that you fall into a black, silent abyss of absolute nothingness, as you travel back towards the same existential oblivion that you had before birth?

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90. As the sentiently aware protoplasmic figurines of existence that we are, we have the excruciating ability to realize that we are currently witnessing a universal mass of organic and inorganic somethingness, wandering aimlessly through space and time.

And, it does it conveniently forgetting that no matter if good or bad, interesting or boring, relevant or inconsequential, positive or negative...all the possible paths that can be traveled by this mass, eventually lead towards the same future nothingness that is already awaiting for it at the end, in order to officially confirm the monstrous invalidity of its useless cosmic journey.

The inanimate things are obviously doing just fine, and will certainly remain unbothered by all this. But, for the existence of all organic lifeforms, this can certainly be distressingly vexatious in some way or the other. Particularly, given that they are sentient victims strongly attached to this vicious cycle of futile existential garbage, that desires to keep on perpetuating itself forever and beyond, since it seems to be factory pre-programmed to follow—and wanting to complete by all means—an absurd itinerary of utter biotic pointlessness.

We humans (because of our high degree of awareness, possibility of understanding, and hideous mental capacity) seem to have really won first prize here with this, as this gives us the annoying potential to become epitomized fleshy forlornness, and irreversibly ending up dealing with the many possible horrible cognitive outcomes.

Such as facing a tormenting and harrassing mental void until our deaths, if we coincidentally happen to play around too much with that very dangerous evolutionary skill called consciousness...

The reality of life appears to be the ultimate masterpiece of surrealistic psychological horror. A piece so meticulously crafted, so pungent and so spiteful, that not even Kafka or Lovecraft in their prime could have visioned.

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91. To me, it's an observable, verifiable and crystal clear fact that it's an unavoidable necessity to completely remove any trace of pragmatic rational thinking, and embrace the hideous status of an utterly mindless obedient robot, in order to become an approved, functional and productive member of this despicable thing called existence...

Most life-loving zealots will see anyone with this set of mentality as being full of gloom and doom, sorrowful, depressed, defectuous, or that there definitely has to be something wrong with them. But, the unaltered reality of the picture, actually shows that they are more often than not much too pure, too honest, too sane and too logical, to ever decide to participate in such a futile, cyclic and meaningless little game of repulsive and never-ending psychosomatic uselessness.

After some time of reflection, and standing still for a few moments witnessing the reality of life, I immediately realize that it was made to house, welcome and keep only the easily malleable and mentally persuadable. All those who are willing to become submissive and unquestionably fulfill the nonsensical demands of their loathsome, avaricious and vile instinctive nature.

We—who do not conform or agree in following all these "forced upon us since birth" rules dictated by the ways of the world and the essence of reality—greatly exceed the insanely low standards proposed by existence in order to enjoy the stay. That's why we don't seem to belong here, nor do we desire to be a part of all the nonsensical comings and goings that occur daily on this fetid interstellar penitentiary.

And, this isn't a heroic resistance or a silly act of rebellion either, but rather a reactionary psychological response fueled by detestation and disgust.

Basically, being alive is the act of bending over and getting ready to receive the huge and unlubed fist of life deep up your bleeding ass. The thing is that you have to pretend as if you are liking it and having a great time while doing it so.

You can't voice out your sense of hassle and discomfort for pointlessly dealing with all those cognitive deprivations, all those physical inconveniences, and all that sentimental turmoil. No, no. Otherwise, all judgmental eyes will descend upon you, start to stare hatefully and with great anger point the finger at you, for being the flawed and broken one... Ha! How lovely…

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92. Noticeably, we are basic fleshy puppets being controlled by an absurd programming that it is instilled into the very core of our substantial essence.

Evidently, we are here just to please useless mental demands and tedious corporeal needs until our beefy receptacle slowly accomplishes a process of cellular deterioration because we are defenseless and vulnerable servants of our imposed existence. An existence that it was imposed by other puppets just like us, only that they were considerably more subjugated by their detrimental instinctive imposition.

That is why underneath our sensory illusion of perception it can be distinctly observed that we, as advanced sentient beings, actually have just one fixed purpose/occupation in reality.

Our only unvarnished job during our conscious existential excursion through life, clearly is to unquestionably fulfill Nature's commands. Mainly the impulsive requests for reproduction so that it can keep on running this mind-numbing show of sadistic organic stupidity; and also, the capricious wants of struggling for survival to continuing postponing death, which is the only absolute way to find liberation from the torturous prison of awareness.

Obsolete before arrival; yet, once we wake up to find ourselves incarcerated here, there's very little else to do other than to fight back certain nonsensical impositions and deny part of our illogical programming because we are already doomed to be nothing more than

ordinary cosmic slaves helplessly cemented to experiencing a continual meaningless cycle of abysmal ineffectiveness, exhausting nullity and inexorable suffering until our elusive, seemingly never-arriving biological closure.

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93. Fun Optimistic Fact About Life: All those who once were delusionally naive enough to think that they could avoid, cheat, fight back and perhaps even manage to defeat death somehow, are all now either already long gone, or currently being slowly eaten by the natural process of organic degradation, cellular deterioration and corporeal putrefaction.

So yeah, go ahead and quit drinking and smoking; buckle up your seatbelt for an extra sense of control and security; put all those anti-aging creams at once; start eating healthier, consume all your vegetables and drink all your vitamins too; move to a greener area; make an appointment with the doctor to see if there's anything wrong with you and catch it on time; exercise more if you want to as well, because death is not in a hurry to get you, and it doesn't care at all.

These are nothing but vain and absurd ego-attempts to create a fake sense of permanence, and temporarily push away or hide from the inevitable...

Resistance is futile. Sooner or later, you will be assimilated too.

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94. Regarding the negative connotations towards the rational conclusion that life isn't functional and the subsequent idea of expressing a desire to exit out (by Matthias Jablonka):

The most bothersome and annoying part about the people who do not seem to understand why we can't stand being here any longer and we desire to exit, is that they really appear to believe that this is a fixable problem. A normal type of depression or mood disorder that can be cured or being taken care of, with a bit of outside psychological help.

We are talking about the meaninglessness, futility, absurdity and the overall stupidity that constitutes to exist. Of being a self-conscious piece of flesh in a constant state of decay fulfilling a nonsensically mundane process because we are the by-products of an imposed chemical reaction.

There's absolutely nothing to do about all of that other than to endure it the best way that we can until demise. But most of us have had enough, and we are tired of enduring for the empty sake of enduring.

We realize and understand that this is a problem that only death can repair and make right once again. An emptiness that only nonexistence can fulfill...

This certainly isn't a passing or temporal negative thought caused by silly things like relationship, family or social problems; an 'I lost my job' or 'I have debts that I can't pay' kind of thing; it is not a 'my dog died, and I feel sad about it'; or my partner left me, or any other passing little existential bullshit problem thing like that.

This is about the observable constants of an illogical biological experience that it's utterly useless and pointless in all possible ways. And, we are backed up by rational realism in every point that we make about existence/life/reality not being remotely close to be considered serviceable, relevant or functional to us in any possible way.

This is in a whole other level, but they can't even begin to grasp the concepts...

And, it is this very same group of people who will respond with great hostility to all of this, getting to the point where they will ask to end ourselves, who oppose the possibility of obtaining a painless and dignifying way out such as euthanasia, knowing very well how horrible, bloody, messy and prone to failure it's to attempt self-termination by one's own hands.

Sadistic savages wishing even more agony and misery to others, and openly proud of it...

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95. If you want to see an interesting psychological bias, all that you have to do is show people an image of animals voraciously eating each other, and then show them another picture with an overall or pretty much the same level of cruelty, dismembering, gore and violence, but this time around it's only between humans.

You can immediately observe how one will not be accompanied by your usual sense of revolt, nor rejected and frowned upon, since it's mentally pre-accepted, normal and natural.

That's the magical word, isn't it? "Natural" It changes everything. It justifies everything. Including all the suffering, pain and horrors of whichever ones are involved.

Or, shall I say, devoured until only clean bones remain...

Probably while still somehow responsive or even very much alive, kicking and pointlessly fighting to break away from a set of extremely sharp teeth and claws too, for at least the introductory part of that visceral, nightmarish experience.

Once that you have added the magical word, you can totally get away with murder.

Or, once again, should I say a monumental massacre of cosmic proportions? Yeah, that fits better to describe this whole organic mess.

A massacre that has been going on since the dawn of the animal kingdom, and pointlessly continues on and on. Heading absolutely nowhere, other than cyclic repetition for the sake of cyclic repetition.

See, as long that it is nature who is being the malicious, loony and cold-blooded bitch, it's all good, you know? Suddenly the words 'unavailing' or 'purposeless' lose all of their meaningful power; because how dare you to start rationally criticizing a biological process that apparently is very smart and knows exactly what it is doing...

No problemo to be seen here, my friend. Just sentient creatures ripping each other apart and feasting on the disemboweled guts of their mutilated carcasses; over and over again, mindlessly until extinction…

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96. Waiting rooms are actually the allegorical, abridged version of life itself.

Think about it: you suddenly find yourself in an unfamiliar and alienating territory filled with total strangers (this planet, humanity, and all the rest that exists).

Everyone is awkwardly quiet and shyly staring at each other, as they try to mind their own business (the often tortuous process of social adaption and becoming a functional member of civilization, that also allows you to befriend others like yourself to make the whole thing a bit more bearable, or perhaps even more unbearable than what it already is, too), while waiting for their never seem to come turn to be seen by the doctor.

And, of course, no one has anything better to do here to pass the time than to read some old magazines, surf their own thoughts, or anxiously check their phone every 5 minutes (the pointless lifetime pursuits and mind-numbing plans that people make one after the other, to keep themselves rather busy, and also fill the vexating void that simply comes with being alive).

Once that boredom seriously kicks in, the sense of emptiness can no longer be sidetracked either, and your waiting tolerance reaches maximum limit, you are going to be inevitably invaded by an urge to leave that place, as you will start to feel very uncomfortable inside your own skin and mind (grasping your absurd surroundings and the whole meaninglessness deal of being stuck in that particular situation, creates a clashing encounter with the lacerating sense of existential realism).

Yet, something greater than yourself makes you stay right where you are anyway (a combination of survival instinct, biological programming, and a genetic will to prevail), even though your mind is persecuting you more and more with a tsunami of poignant and nasty thoughts, to the point of causing an internal combustion and generating a neurotic outbreak.

And, just when you are about to lose it big time, you finally hear your name call. The suspense, the angst and the dread have all reached an end. You can begin to relax.

So, now it's time for you to venture into the unknown. Escorted by the doctor (death, your savior; the one who can put an end to all your misery, suffering and affliction; the bringer of peace who culminates your encounters with sentience, and arranges your release from the prison of the flesh), you start to disappear inside that room, while the door behind you slowly closes itself in.

From the outside and to the eyes of the others still waiting their turn (all those left behind once you are gone), the last image that was seen of you, was the surreal transformation into a mysterious and shadowy figure, who looked as if it was walking directly towards perdition, finally getting lost under a thick cloud of fog…

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97. Even if someone wants to play the safe Agnostic card, and then gamble with the possibility of the existence of a God, you clearly can't rationally go with anything else, but the notion/idea that it has to be an absolute sadistic dickcunt. One who it seems that it was in the mood for a tragicomic (obviously, more tragic than comic, and the comic parts aren't even that funny) pointless drama, filled with humongous amounts of repetitive, idiotic and useless stupidity of both kinds, the biological and the psychological type, so it created what we now as the world, with the ruling dictatorship of mother nature, and the horrid existential chaos that it's humankind...

And then, once it finished messing around with all that and while feeling bored shitless because it had nothing else better to do with its time, it decided to sit back, relax, grab some popcorn, and observe how this cosmic zoo slowly develops—knowing beforehand how it was miserably going to fail and later crumble into pieces, as it was intentionally built doomed for future and cyclic nothingness—very much with the same retarded mentality and cognitive maturity than that of a teenage kid, who amuses itself watching how its created characters drown and die while playing with some life simulation game...

That's the only way that all of this makes any sense whatsoever to me.

We are the woebegone children of an intellectually challenged supreme being, with a really lame and infantile sense of humor.

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98. Isn't it funny how there are so many blindly optimistic people out there who abruptly start to cry like sad, abandoned puppies or babies, when they hear, see or read someone who is describing life/showing them the world, for the absurd, pointless and futile biological cosmic disarray that it actually is? Oh, yes it is...

Tragicomically funny, actually.

Then (since more often than not they can't possibly handle the cold, raw truth without raging or totally freaking out), the first automated instinct that they have is to immediately tell those who expose the nasty and ugly side of things, to commit suicide or disappear from the face of the earth, to avoid potential mental trauma.

Obviously, this happens because they are so scared that their fake and fragile cheerful views of existence would get completely destroyed if another harsh dose of existential realism like the one they just barely managed to dodge or block, enters into their weak, cerebral system...

All those strong desires and needs to remain safe and unbothered while pointlessly swimming in a deep ocean of fantasy and self-delusion—that they unawarely believe it will hopefully keep them sedated and distracted enough until their insignificant demises from the nullifying stellar landscape—show how desperately dependant they are to simulated positive stimuli and delusive sensory constructions, merely to continue functioning, find the energy to keep on encountering reality, and for survival, too.

Seeing such basic fear protective behaviors and such primitive self-defense mechanisms, quickly becomes boring and cliché. Ugh.

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99. Quite possibly, one of the biggest pronatalist behavioral delusions that can ever be noticed, appears right in front of you when you have to see or overhear a parent who can easily witness with its own eyes how his or her kid is currently dealing with a very miserable, shitty, depressing, painful and horrible existence, somehow still finding the nerve and guts to say something so incredibly selfish, dumb and careless, as that they are glad that their kid was born... Hmm, glad. Seriously? What a peculiar word you have chosen there... Are you sure the words that you are looking for aren't actually: "I'm truly sorry that I got you into this mess without your consent"? Not that it will fix a damn thing by now, anyway... What in the fucking fuck. Let this descend in for a moment. You are watching how your own creation, how your own flesh and blood is going through a nightmarish hell and beyond for being stuck inside this futile world, this meaningless life, this fucked-up reality, and by some bizarre, strange, headache-worthy means, you manage to spit out something so insanely idiotic as that... Determinism 101. Breeders gonna breed. Pre-programmed pawns of nature. Oh shit, I'm so done with this stupid crap.

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100. The ultimate stage of apathy is often characterized by fully entering into a strong state of mental lethargy. You will start to experiencing things as if you were in some sort of dreamy and surreal conscious coma. Everything feels distant and far away; except that this isn't actually the case, since it's only you who has become a tangible flesh ghost that detached itself from its reality and the world; and also has completely lost interest in the planetary surroundings... You inevitably become a skilled crafter of cognitive monuments of ennui. A

spectator of your own gloomy and frowzy presence, for an unsure length of time. Which will then be followed by a period of dispassion and aloofness, that will intensely crush your entire inner-self down, little by little; and it will certainly seem exhaustingly endless. You can feel, think, taste, smell, see, hear and touch, but you don't want to because you are sentiently fed up and done with absolutely everything. Bone-tired, overwhelmed and subdued by a lack of enthusiasm, delight and concern. You attempt to reject all this sensorial and psychological nonsense with all your heart, yet it keeps on coming and coming. One massive wave after the other. You're powerless, and there's honestly nothing you can really do about it to stop it, apart from committing suicide... It's as if you were dead, but also still very much alive... Inconveniently trapped between two opposite realms, who neither match nor get along at all.

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101. Human beings have been evolving for millions of years through natural selection—to achieve this hideous modern mental capacity, and acquire a self-threatening greater rational power—only to just end up using it, to try to artificially devalue themselves once again, into a moronic basic primate...

This obviously becomes very noticeable, given that pretty much all of their modern technological creations and collective pensive efforts as a species, have the sole objective/function of providing entertainment and/or distraction for all the individuals that find themselves imposedly involved in this hellish organic sicko party called life.

From intricate forms of art in the likes of music, film and literature; to jobs, careers and physical/virtual games. All of these abstract ideas and conceptual things have been built or conceived with the desperate expectational purpose of either somehow end up creating enough delusional self-importance, so that with this they can achieve some sort of fake meaning and direction in their lives; or, with the purpose of keeping the individuals in case, enough mentally sedated and corporeally occupied, so that they can avoid having to often question their mundane deprivational existences.

It's also a clear observable fact, that the reality questioning and curiosity itself, starts to be violently repressed from a very early age. And, this is no coincidence either, as it's all a part of the cognitive self-defense mechanism of the species, who aims to protect the general multi-cellular and genetic delusion for the masses.

We all have seen this almost immediate act of giving a kid or young one something to do whenever it starts to wonder about what it is, or it begins asking serious questions regarding the nature and essence of its existence.

Come on, go and move from point A to point B while kicking a ball or while you go running after it; scoring empty imaginary points with other mindless meat puppets like yourself should keep you and them too, mentally numb and consciously retarded enough.

Hey, why don't you grab that plastic controller and waste a few hours pressing buttons and looking at a shiny and colorful screen; yeah, that will fill the nothingness that it is your life, occupy your thoughts, and block your peripheral perception for several hours straight.

All this is done, of course, so that the unit of cosmic voidness trapped inside a fleshy disintegrating vessel, doesn't develop into a future damaged and nonproductive member of the illusory society that has been constructed to keep this ludicrous and horrific biological fantasy, working on and still moving forward.

Forward towards death, extinction and eventual oblivion. But, of course, always believing that they are a part of something magical and unique, not forlorn prisoners that awake into a merciless and horrific planetary slaughterhouse.

An adult that objects its sentient programming can be very dangerous towards the conditional health of the general delusion because it will most likely start to make its feelings of dissatisfaction and annoyance, quite loud and clear; potentially awakening others with its agonizing and despairing screams, from their sedative dream, too.

Therefore, this huge mental capability that can grasp concepts or subjects such as the monumental futility that constantly surround us; the massive amount of existential absurdity that can be found just around the corner anywhere, and at all times; the utter pointlessness behind all types of action/movement/activity and so on, it is deliberately being wasted on building more and more comfort and creating new complex layers of diversion, to allow an easier escape from their loathsome realities.

And, with that too, blocking the act of having to deal with these eventual sorrowful realizations about the vomitive constitution of life itself.

So, it comes to no surprise that the great majority are always too absorbly lost inside this unreal self-created dream of a bubble-like reality, spending an entire lifespan without even getting close to questioning neither their robotically pre-programmed functions, nor their instictive psychological enslavement.

When humans acknowledge their own nothingness, they will eventually experience a lot of trauma and expose themselves to acute amounts of distress; a thing which could destroy their fragile delusion, and it might also conflict with the vain goals of their sadistic instinctive nature. Which are mainly all about consumption, replication and survival; oh, you probably know how the story goes by now.

Thus, whenever you hear someone saying that they are busy or occupied, what they actually mean is that they are purposely disregarding their own internal mental emptiness and external cosmic nullity.

Staying permanently safe hidden inside this cozy and sheltering mental bubble, is what they long for the most. As it allows them to go from birth to death, basically avoiding acknowledging their own nonsensical eviction from the voidness, and ignoring the revolting infinite vacuity that it's the content of their mundane, petty little lives.

So much progression, only to end up creating regression...

Why? Well, to intentionally not having to deal with their only true and final rational path, which ultimately leads towards a cornered dead end of having to voluntarily decide to embrace personal self-destruction; and collectively, to pursue mass extinction, given that they can no longer tolerate existence in its purest state because of the cognitive complexity and volume of their own overly-evolved brains.

Self-consciousness is an ever-growing time bomb awaiting detonation; a detonation which can be wirelessly triggered by accumulating the right amount of peripheral awareness and spatial realization.

Since the existential expectations and cerebral demands of these hideously sophisticated primates cannot ever be pleased and/or satisfied by their deprivational reality in its purest form, they are always forced to resort to artificial methods of their own inception to justify, fill and endure their useless and hollow existences.

It's their falsely manufactured meaning, sense of goal, objective and purpose, what keeps fueling their deformed, putrefied, and slowly falling apart vacuous reality.

If this wasn't there to keep things precariously glued together, everything would surely see itself crumbling into social chaos; endless cases of severe depression; epidemics of madness and boredom; and surely, more than you can count cases of mass suicide.

All this simply because humans cannot be functional members of this zoo-like failed stellar experiment, without a huge repulsive dose of mental reverie and psychological self-deceit…

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102. The three most common difficulty levels of life:

Easy: You don't think much about anything really serious or actually problematic.

In fact, you quickly proceed to block, ignore or dismiss anything that fits those characteristics to avoid mental damage and keep your bubble-like reality secure, clean and safe.

Inside your head only trivial matters take residence, and most of your worries and preoccupations are ordinary or workaday.

You simply do what you have been evolutionarily programmed to do by nature; fulfill mental wants, complete bodily needs, and exist mostly instinctively, thus you just follow a more or less straightforward mundane existence towards the grave and oblivion without further complications crossing your path, and dealing only with mild burdens and tribulations along the way back into the void.

Medium: Existential crises are fairly common. You will come in face-to-face contact with boredom, tedium and ennui, too.

There will be periods where you just sink into a deep and obscure abyss of nothingness, but somehow you manage to resurge and recover, clean yourself up, forget most of it, and continue existing like you did before you entered that annoying cognitive stage. Mainly because

your encounters with the nasty side of life were merely romanticized and superficial ones, allowing the wounds to take the time to heal, and not leave inside your psyche real traces of permanent damage.

While you will never switch back to the easygoingness level of difficulty, things are never as exhausting to deal with as if you were perennially trapped in the hard difficulty.

Hard: You live in a permanent futilitarian nightmare; you are extremely conscious of all the unspeakable cosmic horrors and how pointlessly retarded this whole business of being alive, sentient and mentally responsive truly is.

Being awake is just plain torture. Even performing the most basic tasks transform into an acute pain in the arse, and your mind is an awful torture chamber of full of disgusting thoughts, unpleasant images, and tormenting sensations.

Nothing goes or feels right; nothing satisfies the emptiness either. And it seems that the more you desire to end it all and escape from this Kafkaesque, Lovecraftian or Ligottian hell, the corridor which leads to the exit door undergoes a surreal change becoming longer and longer, hence extending your stay a little bit more each time this happens, making it seems as if you are going to be stuck here forever and ever, until the end of days.

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103. There's really no need to bother digging out very deeply to find the insufferable void of existence these days anymore...

For example, the meaningless and pointlessness of action can easily and quickly be found by rationally deducing and acknowledging that it truly makes absolutely no universal or objective difference whatsoever if the self-aware flesh sack decides to spend all the time of daily consciousness standing still, fixedly and blankly staring at the same spot for hours, or if for some reason it chooses to engage in a few of the mundane tasks, feeble diversions and absurd occupations that exist and can be found out there in this forlorn world.

You see, all the events that occur within or during those moments of consciousness, go into subjectively feeding the insatiable internal emptiness and sense of boredom that inhabits all individuals, just so that the illusions of relevance and self-importance can manage to stay alive, and fuel the much needed will to prevail in order to avoid the most likely messy and quite horrific act of self-termination.

Survival instinct makes them move onward out of pure fear, terror, and an obligation to complete an imposed cycle of organic stupidity and cerebral nonsense.

When you observe the tremendous amount of entertainment and distractions that can be found in our reality, you realize that humans don't want to experience consciousness. Quite the opposite, they will do all that they can creating useless things to keep their minds numbed, and will also gladly embrace anything that can facilitate an escape from having to face their own cosmic littleness.

If confronted, most of these perceptive and flexible meat containers, will dishonestly claim to truly enjoy the sensory experience of have been awakened to sentience, yet, they never realize that with their escapist attitudes, sad acts of self-brainwashing and mind-numbing behaviors, what they are in fact doing is to leave openly at sight and venting out with a wretched silent scream, that they are clearly not enjoying this whole business of being a deprived organic marionette with an overly-developed reasoning capacity to deal with what it is an unexciting, dull and ordinary reality at all.

No, of course not. Not when it's painfully observed that their entire lifespans consist in jumping from one elaborated delusion to another elaborated delusion getting closer and closer to sensorial oblivion, until finally ending up forever resting inside their quiet, comfortable and obscure graves…

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104. When someone manufactures their own meaning and purpose in existence, they are not changing the fact that life itself is completely futile and devoid of reason (I say fact because the action of having to elaborate meaning and purpose is in itself admitting the true qualities of existence, so further discussion regarding this assumption is not actually needed as it rectifies itself), they are simply covering up the repulsive ugliness and unashamedly deluding themselves just to make it a little bit more bearable and enjoyable. Hence why most individuals do not associate boredom, tedium and ennui with the emptiness that it's always found within this existential nightmare called life.

This self-induced defense mechanism of the mind helps the individuals in case to fool themselves into thinking that these common existential responses after acknowledging those bothersome and maddening sensory experiences that were mentioned before, are happening because one is not busy enough, or that it has to be directly related to lacking enough imagination and/or creativity to make those unpleasant bitter moments found inside of their existence a little bit better. Yes, existence is a failure, but the organic delusion that life plays is so strong, that the individuals will usually blame themselves and even spend an entire lifespan believing all this mess was/is somehow their own fault. That's how sickening this whole thing is. It really is a form of Stockholm Syndrome towards life, as crazy as that sounds.

Filling one's reality to maximum capacity with fantasies and delusions is not loving existence in any way. Quite the opposite, it's saying that when existence is stripped down to the core, you find it so insufferable that you have to force yourself to live in a constant state of falsehood

and dishonestly modify your perception in order to tolerate it. The certainty that reality needs to be modified or altered for personal benefit, tells us how unpleasant that it's when confronted in its purest state.

This is why after having a meeting with the absurdity that constantly surrounds us, uncheerfulness and dissatisfaction become something common in the reality of the individuals. And this, of course, doesn't play well with the imposed set of rules given by nature. Most individuals under the enslaving effect of nature's reproductive/existential/survivalistic impositions, will constantly denigrate and try to obligate the others into a happy, more positive mentality towards life and existence, given that these people are the ones who show existence for what it is, and they don't like to see this happening one bit. As it will eventually make them question their reality too, and this can make them feel very uneasy. Mainly because it jeopardizes the set of nonsensical rules and demands required for the continuity of the vicious cycle of consciousness.

Since they are the ones that show the unpleasant and horrific side of reality, they are usually repressed by the mindless self-aware herd. Ever heard of the famous 'cheer up' phrase? At first sight a harmless positive demand. But no, this is far from it. What this really means when sincerely analyzed is: 'your truthful attitude and assertive reaction towards the absurdity and meaninglessness of life is painfully lacerating my existential delusion, so I need you to stop it because I don't want to meet and end up dealing with the nullity of existence too'. Not that nice now, isn't?

These people who have managed to awaken from the lie, show the very same horrors that need to be hidden and not be talked about in order to continue with the absurd torment of sentience and the nightmarish reality of the self-conscious puppet that finds itself inhabiting at all times a loathsome decomposing meat suit.

The biological fraud is so helplessly dependent on delusions and misconceptions, that if anything remotely close as realistic existential reasoning, questioning or thinking were suddenly introduced to the masses, the whole thing would collapse. Just think about it, when something good happens, celebration is encouraged. But when something negative occurs, it's expected from the individuals to act like if nothing happened and eventually moving on without making further complains.

Try shitting daily on the floor around your house and then cover up all the mess with blankets. See how long you last pretending that all the shit isn't there, safely hidden beneath those nice looking blankets. So I wonder, isn't this enough proof that deep down everyone knows that all is futile, but they are too damn scared to admit it? They are scared because they know that to embrace nonexistence is all that would be left for them, and that our extinction as a whole is our already secured inevitable future. You do not fight against nihility and the absurd, you embrace them because it's a battle that is already lost.

But since the existence of everything that it's organic and sentient it's built on a massive amount of contradictions, negations and denials, this will never naturally happen. Inevitably doomed to failure? Yes. Though apparently, not before the whole thing idiotically and needlessly repeats itself several times before the end.

105. Theatrics and make-believe compose around 80% of most people's personalities. And, it's the harshness, social Darwinism, and competitiveness that goes on inside reality, that demands this ridiculous over-exaggeration of traits.

You would see that your typical Mr. Tough Guy, is in reality nearly half as tough.

You will notice that your typical Lady Hotness, has more insecurities than you think.

Yeah, that know-it-all smart guy, most likely makes up more shit than you know as it goes along and is actually full of doubts.

Oh, that girl who acts as if she has it all figured out, probably doesn't even know where she is going, or what move she should do next.

Everyone has to keep it their shit together and show that everything is just fine, except that this is never really the case.

They have to do this because nobody actually cares.

Because nobody has the time or wants to waste time dealing with any of that depressing crap, so it is better to keep it hidden, forget about it and just move on.

Because everyone is already busy enough trying to figure out their own nightmare...

It's a world full of average Janes and Joes impersonating fictitious characters, because they are unfit to psychologically meet and deal with an exhausting and demanding reality.

Lame and anxious one-trick ponies, always attempting to fool themselves first in order to decrease agitation and remove pressure from their shoulders, so that later they can try to impress and amaze others, by pretending that they are something else or more.

One huge dramatic spatial academy, called planet Earth.

And the Oscar goes to the whole of humanity, for being constantly burning on the inside, yet on the outside, managing to keep it cool as ice.

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106. Has anyone here ever played the video game series called 'The Sims'? That game series has to be the most depressing, nausea inducing and nihilistically thought affirming video game series ever made. And, a sociological experiment in existential despair too, if you like.

Everything about it is a constant reminder of the monumental futility of not only one's own life, but of the futilitarian existence of the totality of sentient life and eventually, of the universe itself as well.

For those who haven't played it or heard about it before, it's basically just a life simulator where you are in control of a bunch of virtual meat puppets, and you have to lead them through their nonsensical and meaningless existences while you watch them perform a variety of the same monotonous, dull, vain, empty, pointless and tedious life tasks over and over and over again. At some point, the mind-numbness kicks in and you realize that you are just observing a big exercise in nihility where you can only see a bunch of virtual automatons painfully and accurately reflecting a reality extremely similar to yours and of others, repeat their totally absurd and disgustingly predictable routines (wake up, eat breakfast, take a shower, go to work, come home, watch TV or use the computer, eat something once again, take a shit and a piss, hang out with friends, family or coworkers, then go to sleep and do it all over again the morning after) ad infinitum.

Anyone looking for a nightmarish experience and a reaffirmation of what they feel and perceive about the fuckedupness of life, reality and existence, you can't go wrong with this, as this is true horror. A few hours or maybe minutes into it depending your psychological level of tolerance, and you will be invaded by an intense urge to commit suicide…

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107. When things are static and in order for extended periods of time, most people start to feel overwhelmed or are engulfed by a strong and painfully annoying sense of boredom and ennui...

When things are an untidy mess or not totally under their control, most people start to feel quite uneasy and are mentally defeated by all of the commotion that this generates around them...

And, the amount of people who usually find a relatively safe amount of harmony between those two states, are a microscopic hard-to-find rarity amongst the masses, who even then are not totally okay and comfortable with being inside their own skin anyway.

So, what do all of this says about the more complex and elaborated side of sentient reality? Well, for once, that human beings are obviously because of their degree of awareness, overally unfit for the state of affairs proposed by life itself. And second, that we can just pack our luggage and go buy a one-way ticket towards oblivion, as there's no need to search for further evidence that we are just a hideous and grotesque evolutionary error, that should not even be here to begin with.

So long, existence. Oh, and thanks for all the vacuity...

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108. Confessions of a Realist: The other day I was looking at a picture of this man who was happily and proudly holding up in the air with his bare hands this really huge, almost monstrous onion, that he apparently had grew all by himself.

There are of course, many possible future outcomes for the development of the story of this particular situation. All of them objectively meaningless, pointless, mundane, useless, and futile in the end, but we will get to that part later on.

One reality of the picture, says that the onion will eventually start to rot and decompose. And, that this man's happiness and overall sense of achievement for what he had accomplished by putting a lot of work, time and effort, will be soon replaced with sadness and a sense of emptiness because of what it just lost.

Another reality of the picture, says that this man could use this onion to prepare a really nice meal for him, his whole family, and perhaps even invite a few friends to join the party, too. With this, they will all find distraction, amusement, temporarily abdominal satisfaction and delight their mouths with a lot of flavor and taste, only to later return to a previous state of apathy, unexcitement, dullness, hunger and savourlessness, where the psychophysical fulfillment that it once was, it is now just a ghost, a shadow, a memory that it demands to be delighted anew.

Though, not everything is negativity, defeatism or pessimism; as a realist, I have to admit that it's certainly very possible to plant another onion, begin the entire straightforward existential circle of vain occurrences all over again to end up back at the beginning of the good moment, and momentarily experience some, if not all, of the before mentioned, once more.

Now, here comes the ugly part that so many meticulously rational individuals with a pragmatic approach to life, have quite a hard time to accept or come to terms with, as all of these tedious and laborious procedures—needless to say that the onion example is just an allegory to all the unavailing chores, maddening tasks and bootless errands that we must deal with on a daily basis (from sleeping, to working, to socializing, to personal hygiene, bathroom trips, you name it) just to complete days, months and years, until we answer the call of the grave—that consume so much energy and take away so many portions of our time, are always done just to obtain a short lasting and very small instant of mental positivity and/or sensorial pleasure, which will be most likely instinctively used to cover up the constant sense of existential voidness and cerebral vacuum, that lies within our destitute and deficient existence.

So, I guess that's what this endless futile cycle of life, is inevitably all about. Watching how the good moments slowly die right in front of our faces, and then, either attempt to create, go on a chase, or patiently wait for new ones to come by. One after the other without a rest too, if one doesn't want to be invaded by painfully annoying things such as emptiness, boredom, tedium or ennui. Well, a long-term invasion that is, as the short ones are almost certainly impossible to avoid.

All to quickly going back and forth from contentment to deprivation either way, and finally an eventual permanent state of cosmic nullity to be met at the end, too.

All for the nonsensical sake of having to obligatorily fill up empty moments with something, anything, simply because one sentiently exists, and it has been wretchedly cursed with an overly-developed sense of consciousness…

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109. Hmmm, funny how no one will question a person if they are feeling jovial and perky without a reason or motives, and try to deem it as a signal of madness, lunacy or dementia; but, at the moment that anyone exposes a little bit of perfectly justified gloominess or shows entirely rational signs of despair (even if these ones are accompanied with self-explanatory causes and well-elaborated facts), they will immediately try to 'fix' them by figuring out what's wrong with them, and do whatever they can to put them back together as if they were a broken piece of glass, rejecting and disregarding their episodes as being just the product of a negative outlook, or something generated by a passing bad mood...

I said it before and I will say it once again, this whole business of existence is completely fucking backwards.

Pollyannaism is evidently the real mental illness here, and it sadly rules the world.

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110. Recognition, insight and awareness, are ultimately malicious, as they will only lead us to commit a very uncomfortable form of insidious suicide; a mental suicide.

A suicide that goes beyond being excruciating, because instead of dying, instead of experiencing corporeal shutdown and ceasing the intake of sensorial stimuli, we will live long enough to fully acknowledge all of the abominable and unspeakable horrors that exist within life. Only to eventually realize that we are currently being held captive against out will inside a wearisome and overly-demanding fleshy container; that we have been abducted without consent by our foolish survival instincts of self-preservation, and then forced to deal with the nightmarish ordeal of consciousness, which is none other than a subtle and abstract form of cancer that inhabits all the corners our brains, and it grows worse and stronger, as time slowly goes by.

This mental suicide has to be the worst kind of suicide there is, as we will end up finding ourselves already deceased inside and rotten at the very core, but the futile act of thinking, of analyzing our meaningless surroundings, still continues being energetically active, harassing

every single one of the thoughts generated by the internal uselessness of our minds. And, the loathsome organic vessel that inevitably condemns us to deal with all of this unbearable cosmic emptiness and experience this pointless absurdity called existence, will remain painfully attached to its mundane and uneventful biological reality, thus dooming us and condemning us, to keep on facing the nonsensical universal disarray that it is the reality of life.

The utter psychophysical ruination that it is being a disgusting chunk of crumbling sentient nothingness, momentarily personified…

[In the comments section]:

[Anonymous 1]: The only thing I still cant figure out is why people like us exist? How did we get to be like this? How come we are not like the other pollyannas?

[Anonymous 2]: Simple: the same reason people have cancer exist or a person has two heads. We are failed mutations of evolution.

Matthias: Yes, I agree with [Anonymous 2]. We are fluctuations of nature. Some people are physically distorted, others are mentally. Just like being born with only one eye and arm, or having more than the average amount of body parts would be commonly considered a disadvantageous deformity, things such as too much grasping, comprehension and awareness, are not desired qualities in the natural world.

I think the human level of consciousness would drive most creatures insane if they could realize what their entire existences consist of and what their lifespans are all about, but since they function instinctively and they don't have the necessary reasoning capacity, they are doing just fine. Even if we, while looking at it from the outside, can very well see that this is not the case, thus the birth of a concept of the likes of efilism.

I also thought about this before many times, and one of the most rational answers that I could conceive was that it is a matter of evolutionary resilience. In the same way that some are more prompt to suffer from severe depression, tooth decay, hair loss or frequent headaches, we are not so easily affected, and put under the control of all those delusions, misconception and chimeras that help people go through all of it showing a relatively high lack of concern towards the nasty side of existence.
You know when we were kids even if the cosmic futility that we can now perceive was already there at all times, we simply didn't care about it because we were distracted by other things and we weren't acknowledging it because our mental attention was busy dealing with something else? Well, some manage to ignore better and maintain most of that innocence that somehow shelters them and keeps them safe while they navigate towards the end without generating for them bigger mental conflict or existential dilemmas.

111. Are you tired of unnecessary philosophical charlatanism?
Are you fond of the concise and to the point descriptive language like me?

Alright then. Well, since you are here reading this, I would guess that you are probably quite bored right now, and that you definitely have nothing better to do with your time at this particular moment (which is perfectly understandable given that existence is a totally absurd and completely pointless clusterfuck mess), so let's use this little moment of painful and meaningless emptiness currently found within your poignant existential timeline, to describe and say everything that there is to say about human beings, with only a few words, shall we?

I mean, come on, it's not like you have anything better to do anyway...

Okay, here's the definition of a 'contraption': a machine or device that appears strange or unnecessarily complicated, and often badly made or unsafe.

Now, here's the definition of 'dreadful': causing or involving great suffering, fear, or unhappiness; extremely bad or serious.

Therefore, it's very safe to declare that homo sapiens are nothing more than a dreadful contraption. That about sums it all up very nicely, don't you think?

Ah...and there it goes another silly and useless attempt to distract futility. Oh well, at least this one was entertaining and informative.

Besides, not to sound cocky or anything, but I think that we can both honestly agree that my use of the language is quite enjoyable as well. Not that it matters either way, but we both know that all that we are doing here is just filling up some emptiness and killing the imposed sentient time that we still have awaiting ahead of us...

Farewell, for now, my fellow cosmic marionette.

I will restrain myself from saying take care of yourself, as this would only extend your sorrowful stay inside this nightmarish planetary prison, so don't take care of yourself if you actually desire to prematurely abandon this wretched place.

Yeah, that sounds much better.

What, still there? That was it, buddy.

A lifetime distracting your own nothingness and still don't know how these distractions work? I killed some time writing it, now you have killed some time reading it, and now we both have a little less nothingness to fill in front of us, while we inevitably move forward towards death, our cosy and solacing ultimate destination; but, I'm afraid that you will have to go fill your nothingness with something else now. Depressing, I know. But c'est la vie.

And you don't have to thank me either, as this was all part of the reciprocal agreement between the writer and the reader. So, you can consider this a little something extra because I sympathize with your problematic curse of consciousness, as a burdened overly-evolve primate.

Now come on, go away already.

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112. There is no real mystery... No honest excitement...

Nothing actually pertinent to ever look forward to...

When you find yourself consciously experiencing this destitute and faulty nightmarish reality, you are vividly able to see all that the future holds ahead, simply because there isn't anything there, other than an agonizing tsunami of existential vanity, psychological pointlessness and organic uselessness, before meeting the sweet embrace of death.

You already know beforehand that there won't be more, and that it will never get any better than this, but that it can certainly get much worse. And it probably will...

Waking up; unwillingly begin a questry ordeal to try to satisfy the stupid, idle needs of your crappy vessel and meet the absurd demands of your overly-demanding mind; realize that you cannot escape nor pretend not to know the fact of how empty, hollow and futile everything that materially surrounds you together with whatever else filters through your senses truly is; deal with whatever nonsense or insanity you have to deal in order to sustain and endure yourself, while you also try so very hard to fill your vacuous encounters with time pursuing some distracting chimeras just to not end up becoming completely mental; all until going back to bed hoping not having to wake up the next day just to see your beaten up, swollen and tired self repeat once more the tediously annoying process and watch the same old cycle of inanity unfold in front of your jaded eyes all over again.

It's as if you are living the same day over and over and again and again, with the nicely added touch that you can already dreadfully see it all coming to get you, quite clearly too, in slow motion, and while understanding that there is no other way to stop it unless that you are determined enough and have come to terms with performing the ancient, sickening, horrifying and quite possibly bloody act of committing biological self-destruction…

[Anonymous 1]: Is there the possibility of finding sense and higher goals? All the worthy ones seem unachievable.

[Anonymous 2]: What did you have in mind exactly?

[Anonymous 1]: Well, life goals always vary wildly. I think I would like to give a great contribution to either arts or science. Like Isaac Newton or William Shakespeare did. Sounds unachievable given my poor formal education and lack of personal strength.

[Matthias Jablonka]: From our existential point of view, I think that by not imposing sentience/awareness and together with that not bringing more decomposing sensorial meat into the table to play the futilitarian game of life, we are already performing the ultimate rational and moral deed.

If as you mentioned your interest is more personal and about contributing to society or helping others, the ones who are stuck and doomed to be here, anything that can aid them to improve their encounters with reality and diminish the amount of pain, suffering or annoyances that they have to deal with on a daily basis, seems sufficiently good enough too.

Perhaps if you want to go big your choices are less plausible because of the limitations that you listed, but on a smaller scale, if you have the will and energy to do it, there's plenty of smaller deeds to keep yourself more than busy around here since we are dealing with a biological mess out of proportions.

[Anonymous 1]: I think science can very soon bring immortality to humans (by natural means) and that would turn the table upside down. Assuming our places as gods. Escaping the flesh prison.

[Anonymous 2]: That'll be a disaster. Everything is the universe is a chaotic mess, this will certainly be no different.

[Matthias Jablonka]: Certainly. Science already is and will become an even more useful coping mechanism.

What you mentioned happening would be one less problem to deal with when it comes to the deprivational body prison thing.

And, other technological advances will provide better ways to deal with consciousness, such as the conception of a virtual reality where anything that anyone can dream becomes possible and it feels so real that it can make people think that it actually is, by fooling the senses...

The issue is that we are always escaping what we are or finding ways to patch the holes. History has shown us that it's never enough, once we have something we suck all the use out of it, it becomes a part of every day life, we get bored of it, and then move to the next new thing...

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113. Modern society, seems to unintentionally be, nothing more than an already pre-packaged and built in reality, that it is made up with the recollection of the tons of failed attempts of the thousands of past generations that tried to rationalize and make sense of a seemingly absurd, decaying and fubar world.

If you look closely, it is not so hard to tell that the whole damn thing screams resignation and it stinks of defeat...

A lost battle against the void of eternal nullity that continues being fought purely out of vainglory and pride.

Every little thing that has survived the stressful pass of time, has put itself in there purposely, meant to mostly provide mental shelter—and also, whenever possible, they are conveniently being used to provide temporal psychological distraction from all of the horrors that come with a simple state of wakefulness too—so that they can ease the distress and trauma that comes with the realization of being stuck inside a spheric and organic interstellar trashcan that will slowly start to suck the life out of them the minute that they abandon the vaginal cavity to meet the world.

Most of the questions that have no answer (or at least not one that can satisfy enough a truly rational and pragmatic person) have been hidden or buried deep down, and then covered up with pre-programmed roles, mundane tasks, insipid duties, lackluster missions or monotonous jobs, meant to keep humans busy, mind-numbed and occupied enough until the day they die, pursuing one useless and futile pipe dream after the other.

That's why humanity is still around, and probably will continue to do so for quite some time.

This mechanism allows the deprived overly-evolved monkey with a fancy brain, to be mostly just that, a monkey with a fancy brain that moves forward and goes along with the flow because it has nothing better to do with its time, finds itself already doomed to be here, and it's ruled by a will to survive and a self-preservation instinct.

Finding ways to temporarily fulfill those deprivations and keep under sedation the overly-evolved part, is the master key to it all. Without it, the entire facade crumbles and starts to rapidly fall apart.

Thus, everything lines up and comes together very nicely precisely because the existential and biological conditions happen to allow it.

The thing is a disastrous failure of megalithic proportions, sure, who would deny that, right? But it works.

It's functional enough to the point of managing to conceal almost all of the savagery, barbarity and cruelty that compose this bizarre cosmic experiment, so it keeps most of them consciously quiet and mentally frozen, while they carry on inauthentically happy, without a purpose, direction or clue, an empty, dull and lifeless automaton existence.

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114. Most people like to picture death as this awesome looking skeleton guy mysteriously dressed all in black and holding a really cool agricultural hand tool, when we all know that the real deal and something much more closer to the truth, is just an image of your old future self surrounded by cold, silent and depressing nothingness that it is slowly creeping on you and coming to get you while you are feeling all sore, battered and worn out, as you probably find yourself plugged to a lot of machines, eating awful and unsavory food, peeing and taking shits inside a disgusting plastic bag, while feeling almost paralyzed because your body no longer responds as it used to, as you lie down in a dirty, bleak and lonely hospital bed...

Proof that humans love and adore to romanticize absolutely everything.

It helps them make this relentlessly harsh and cruel reality much less traumatizing, I guess...

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115. Untitled Essay Concerning the Toxic Intolerability of Reality, by Matthias Jablonka

Behind all conscious activity, sentient movement, mental effort or physical action, there's always a rational need to not end up having to painfully confront the monumental sense of emptiness that it can constantly be found within the self.

Thus, all of the creative efforts in the entire history of humanity, can naturally be interpreted as a logical response generated either to manage to temporarily escape from the horrible and dreadful thing that it is boredom, run away from exasperating psychological states of tedium and ennui, or purposely constructed to momentarily get away from the vain monotony of existence.

Very often individuals would complain, cry, moan or whine about the errands that they need to perform, the pursuits that they have to follow, or the unexciting tasks that they must do to survive on a daily basis, often not realizing that without the existence of all those things, dealing or putting up with the agony of sensorial perception and the curse of self-awareness, would be even a much more unbearable ordeal than what it already happens to be.

Including those who claim that there's no need to do anything at all and that all it's massively pointless, can later be hypocritically found filling their own nothingness, with the somethingness that was made by others because anyone who doesn't have the ability to self-terminate at will or simply lacks the constitution to accelerate a meeting with death, will eventually stick around long enough to employ forms of distractions such as the internet, films, games, music and books, so it will be in fact leeching from or exploiting external efforts too.

If all the things that the average individuals do and engage during the moments of consciousness (work, study, interacting with others, several different forms of recreation and amusement, etc.) or unconsciousness (sleeping, napping and to a lesser extent daydreaming or indulging in hallucinogens as well) were no longer necessary, removed or suddenly banished from the world, they would have a constant huge amount of horrible nothingness to face right in front of them every minute of every day. A vacuity greater than what anyone can imagine...

There really would not be such things as happiness or sadness, asleep or awake, bored or entertained, active or inactive given that everything—I repeat, absolutely everything—in front of them would be a constant state of intolerable and insufferable nihility. To the point that any individual no matter which state of mind it could have, or what capability and strength for dealing with mental distress it might have, it will sooner or later decide that it can no longer put up with its own useless and pitiful existence because of the incapacity to endure such tremendous and unforgivable sense of cosmic void, relentlessly attacking their feeble cerebral system.

And, to go a little bit further, I would even dare to say that this is the only reason why most individuals (and on a bigger view, humanity itself) still exist at this point.

They usually have just enough small things going on here and there to allow them to accommodate themselves inside this futilitarian nightmare and continue moving forward even while feeling beyond miserable or already being totally dead inside, but very rarely do they face enough internal nothingness or deal with enough cognitive emptiness, as to determine that it's better to face all the possible consequences, make a serious attempt to bypass survival instinct, put up with the pain that comes with choosing a violent closure, and finally end it all.

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116. We humans are all such tyrants, dictators and bullies because to a higher or lesser degree and in one way or the other, we are always

bashing, shit talking or hating on things that others do and happen to enjoy or like when we don't enjoy and like them too, or share the same taste and enthusiasm that they have for these things.

Even if these things are completely harmless, don't have any direct effect in our lives, and we also know that the indulgence over these things generally helps all these other people to improve a little bit their miserable existences, provide necessary short bursts of happiness, or sometimes even something so big as to make it through the goddamn day without planning to commit suicide or hurting somebody...

From a band that someone likes to listen who we personally happen to find it shitty, to something so incredibly irrelevant and silly as the way that someone ties its shoes. Doesn't matter, you fucking name it, and you will find a crew that deeply devotes itself to throw huge amounts of crap at it.

For no reason whatsoever either in most occasions, other than plain old boredom and lack of anything else better to do with all that empty and extra amount of conscious and wakeful free periods of time that we often have in our hands...

And, it's in all of us; it seems as if we can't help it or control it most of the time.

A hostile and belligerent species indeed. We love to hate and criticize everything, and if we are not showing antipathy towards something, we clearly can't be at ease with ourselves…

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117. Amidst the Apocalypse and in the face of Doomsday you will find me laughing and smiling, because I now know and can rationally comprehend that it is only when nothingness finally manages to consume and devour everything—as all existing lifeforms manage to meet extinction, while at the same time also find themselves heading directly back into the nullifying void—that the universe will achieve absolute tranquility, so that the currently unsettled and perturbed cosmic landscape, can be truly at ease...

Endings and closures aren't always necessarily tragic, but births and beginnings more than usually are. Precisely because births and beginnings are the mother source and basic starting point of all afflictions, misdeeds, catastrophes, hardships, ordeals, trials and tribulations, found inside this wretched existence of ours.

All that death brings is calm, peace, silence, quietness, absolution...a never-ending dreamlike-state of comforting and soothing pitch-black darkness…

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118. Thanks to the gift/curse of possessing atemporal cognition (which allows us among other things, to look into the future), we already

know that all men die eventually... That their cognitive awareness fades away, together with all their thoughts, hopes, dreams and wishes; while their corpses usually end up rotting away buried six feet beneath the ground, after some fancy ceremony... Love, money, fame, and power are all either temporary pursuits of distraction, or convenient providers of escapism from the great nothing that silently lurks around them, until it finally creeps behind them, and gives them the final, nullifying blow... The thrills and the chills offered by life lose potency over time, and slowly cease to have any effect whatsoever to the body, as well as to the ever-demanding mind... The energy and the enthusiasm are dreadfully finite, and they deplete at accelerated rates... Passion is a passing thing, and doesn't last for long either... In the end, the only thing that lasts forever are the chains that bound you and everyone else to black, eternal nothingness, and a subsequent perpetual state of spatial obliviousness. Oh, and those chains never rust, no no. Not to mention that they are well-secured with an unbreakable padlock that has no keyhole, and cannot be lockpicked...

In a metaphoric way, life is nothing but a jejune cat and mouse game with a few small sadistic twists here and there accidentally schemed in the background by existence itself. Needless (or necessary, perhaps, it depends) to say that here the cat represents death, deprivation, internal voidness, and a constant sense of unfulfillment, amongst other delightful things that typically characterize the trivial reality of most overly-evolved sentient beings with varying degrees of latency; while the mouse it's humans themselves, who are obviously found constantly on the run from stuff like all the before mentioned and more. Surely they can race, hide, or even think that they have outsmarted the cat at times to win some time, but the hierarchy of the food chain is already defined, so we all aware about how this story ends, for all these petty, little mouses...

[In the comments section]:

[Anonymous]: What would be your answer for someone who tells you that life can be more bearable if we reached invincibility?

[Matthias Jablonka]: What do you mean with invincibility, not dying? As in being immortal? Well then, that would only extend for an eternity, whatever you have now. A vessel that doesn't perish, gets sick, or suffers the consequences of age or the pass of time, would certainly be welcome for almost anyone, but psychologically, that occurrence changes very little. Boredom, ennui, mental voidness, tedium vitae, and things like that still remain. In fact, living for so long will most certainly make them much more intense as you move forward in time. Surely one could argue that in the future things like virtual reality or many and much better ways to cope with negatives will make life better, but history has also show us that human beings always adapt, escapism loses strength over time, and the deprivations always come back eventually. Thus, not being able to find rest in death, would make whatever someone finds now unbearable, a living, waking nightmare, perpetually.

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120. If life/nature creates malformations, undesirable features, deformities, imperfections, abnormalities, disfigurements, etc., and then it's observed that the instinctive psychological response of its own creations (unless, of course, they try very hard to convince themselves to accept this; or, tell themselves that it's good because it's so unique and different from the 'norm') towards all that is to involuntarily and automatically meet it with lots of negativity, teasing, hostility, bullying and general dislike, doesn't this really mean that life/nature is actually a self-loathing psychotic bitch who utterly despises itself and doesn't know what it wants to do, achieve, or the hell is going with the formation/production of all of this useless and pointless biological jumble?

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121. When you happen to be in possession of the annoying overly-developed mental capability of being able to look back at your past and understand it, you are dangerously capable of realizing that not so long ago, you were violently evicted from the uncaring spatial void, only to become a rotting and useless, perambulating vagabond of existence. And, not only just this, but also that you now, having little else better to do around here—together with having being programmed to always mindlessly continue, to keep moving forward towards death no matter what and left stranded with no obtainable means of meeting an easy getaway from this spherical slaughterhouse any time soon—are forcefully spending some time swimming around in a big murky sea of unsympathetic universal nothingness... That, unfortunately, all of this is also simply occurring with the deterministic fixed finality of ending up drowning and perishing at the bottom of the absurd, the nauseating idea of being the planned obsolescence of nature inevitably arises leaving inside the frail individual, a big gap of mental emptiness that will haunt the now mourning subject, for the rest of its ailing and nonsensical sentient lifespan. Hence, to exist as a constantly decaying, physically animated and cognitively responsive organic object who happens to possess such a high-level of peripheral comprehension that it is more often that not consciously greater than what this vain, simplistic, predictable and mundane planetary reality has to offer, means to carry with you the nightmarish possibility to eventually confront and end up being face-to-face, with your own mortifying celestial pettiness... And, it is precisely because all of this that, to play the futilitarian game of existence as a rationally capable and functioning human being, is to be aware that underneath all of the colourful self-created fantasies of reality and the cheaply fabricated delusions of life, you constitute as nothing more than an insignificant and unproductive cyclic buffoon that it's being mockingly utilized by nature's genetic agenda of meaningless parasitical replication and pointless goal of survival for the sake of survival until the sweet release of death arrives, purely for its own barbaric & sadistic, theatrical amusement.

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122. Nothing better to trigger that sweet extra amount of loathsome nihilistic despair like realizing that while we are alive, we are so infinitely

useless, that all that we as puppets can do is elaborate angry or frustrated rants that show our extreme sense of discontent aimed towards the absurd organic strings that define our reality, limit our options to exit and at the same time because of that, keep us still captive forced to continue experiencing the unsavory horrors of being a sentient monstrosity of nature.

We never even get the pleasure to insult and discharge our furious vexations at the masterminder directly, as it is an abstract idea, a biological process of chaos and dysfunctionality that it remains completely deaf and absolutely indifferent to all our insignificant, little existential protestations.

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123. And without a warning you will suddenly awake to find yourself having being pointlessly thrown into the uselessness of existence; consciously imprisoned—very much like a pathetic slave—inside an organic flexible container just to end up facing your own cosmic insignificance. While also realizing that you are not only controlled, but practically obliged by your foolish instincts of self-preservation, to witness until the very end your own terrifying slow process of mental deterioration and corporeal putrefaction towards the funereal voidness of space. Always wishing for death to come by and finally put an end to this bizarre existential nightmare; as you are continuously being assaulted by nothing else, but this loathsome and utterly cold sensation of unfulfilled internal emptiness…

[In the comments section]:

[Anonymous]: Mark Rothko said "You've got sadness in you, I've got sadness in me – and my works of art are places where the two sadnesses can meet, and therefore both of us need to feel less sad." -- I think he is right as your aphorisms make me feel less lonely in this uselessly disturbing episode in the blissful repose of nothingness called life, so thank you for that!

[Matthias Jablonka]: Glad to hear that, and you are welcome. One of the main reasons I started to document my thoughts, is because it provides me with quality entertainment and distraction, but knowing that others also find some sense of comfort while reading them or that it gives them something to occupy their minds if only temporarily, is also a nice feeling. I always say that when people are in physical pain, such as a headache, they take a pill to make the annoyance go away. And, when people are in psychological pain, they just want to hear or read something to calm down the cognitive vacuum, or to let them know they are not wrong or should feel alienated for thinking like that. So, I like to think of these texts as analgesics for the mind...

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124. Non-anthropocentric post, for a change:

Not to burst anyone's bubble, but respect, love and admiration for planet earth/nature and empathy towards animals (and all other living creatures) are not mutually compatible, at all. That's like being married and head over heels with a deranged serial killer, knowing exactly what he/she does during those nights out, and them claim that you feel sorry for the victims or care about them and their suffering, but don't even bother to report it to the police, allowing it to keep on happening...

The better the planet is doing health wise, the more life it will have to pass through the meat grinder. Which is polar opposite to wanting less animal/sentient suffering.

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125. Hard to truly enjoy anything when you know how much suffering lies beyond every 'positive' or 'good' thing that it exists.

You might now while reading this or at some other point during the day will most likely find yourself enjoying a meal, saying to yourself: oh, this tastes wonderful, forgetting that if it is meat, the life of an innocent animal who was born to experience a fucked up existence filled with agony and torment just to later end up being masticated in your mouth only to come out of your stinky asshole moments later in the form of a long, smelly and dark piece of shit, was involuntarily involved in the process. And, even if it is not meat, it is there on your plate because some slave wage worker that you will never meet in real life that struggles with who knows how many personal problems that you don't even care while living in some poor country that doesn't even exist in your mind worked his or her ass off to make it all possible. But, since slavery, pain or struggle isn't tasted in the food, it's all good, right?

When you put some nice, warm clothes or when you get comfortable at home and watch a movie on your computer, you just enjoy the relaxing part, the finished product, the distraction that it gives to you, again, forgetting that these clothes that make your life so much better or this computer that generates the entertainment to fill your empty moments of time by giving you mindless hours of distraction and escapism from your shitty, insignificant little life, was probably built with child labor, or with the sweat of a poor man or woman whose life was imposed and now it exists for the sole purpose of performing mind-numbing tasks for minimum wage until it dies that no one will ever appreciate or actually remember.

All this just to put some simple examples with very common things, but almost everything in the whole fucking world works like this. Even our own personal positives appear as a result of fighting a never-ending battle against the negatives. No one likes experiencing bad stimuli,

and that's all that we ever face, the positives always appear as a by-product of this meaningless contest, this futile quest against the constant bads of reality/existence.

It's an inescapable truth that even just a few seconds of happiness, are always created with who knows how many moments of horrible discomfort and insufferable tribulations.
When you are consciously aware of how much misery even the little things carry with them, it's suddenly not so much fun anymore. Yet, what real choice do we have?

As long as we exist, we are all both, victims and generators of absurd hardships, nonsensical difficulties and pointless complications. And, for what? All for absolutely nothing that is.

A nothing that comes with a really high price, as it is paid with the perspiration, cries and sorrows, of innocent sentient beings that have been enslaved by the monumental cosmic mistake that it is life.

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126. The quintessence of a horrible and sickening bad idea, would be something like bringing into liveliness mobile containers of decomposing perceptive flesh, and then doom them to constantly having to satiate mundane, tedious, vain & repetitive bodily functions such as sleep, eat, drink, shit, piss and repeat, literally until the day they biologically expire; all this, while the only short lasting moments of psychological playfulness and cognitive relaxation that they can ever achieve, appear as they laboriously manage to somehow get lost in the escapism that it can be found inside that surrealistic and hallucinogenic thing called reality, when they embrace absurd delusions and meaningless diversions just to ease a little bit of the mental distress that they always painfully experience, simply for being innesentially alive.

Talk about an all-around useless creation, that relentlessly personifies failure and waste...

I know that you are basically just an unconscious and uncaring mass of infinite nullity, but that was not a very good move, universe. Not a very good move at all.

It was certainly a lot better, when there was absolutely nothing at all.

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127. Replication is a senseless, unjustifiable, and ludicrous act simply because it needlessly forces an innocent sentient creature who not

so long ago was in a perfect state of unconscious harmony and at one with the cosmic emptiness, to become a useless fleshy puppet while it makes it become another losing player in the meaningless, fruitless game of existence.

It leaves it without a choice (barring suicide, of course) but to deal with an absurd biological process of sluggish corporeal deterioration and fulfill a persecutingly tedious cerebral void; while it is also inevitably being exposed until death to an easily avoidable immense amount of unnecessary detrimental experiences and potentially damaging negative stimuli.

Consequently, to impose organic perception onto others, certainly has everything to be rationally considered the most violent, the most abusive, and ultimately the most atrociously sadistic crime of them all…

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128. A short story about your pointlessly absurd existence: Because of a beginning that happened without consent—and an ending that hasn't arrived yet, but that it is always there, patiently waiting, as it is already inevitably secured—you now, as an existing individual, are left with very few viable life choices other than having to forcefully engage in an orgiastic quest/search for ways to divert, entertain, fill and distract a limited, but painfully long, amount of empty moments of consciousness and tedious corporeal wakefulness with idiotically mundane occupations, tasks & activities that have no real use or meaning other than the one humanity itself has dishonestly decided to instill into them to conveniently create the illusion of possessing an existential purpose, goal or objective in reality and cover up the nasty fact that we are drowning in an ocean of spatial nothingness as the big hand of infinite cosmic futility pushes our heads down into the black waters, until the biological maximum security prison that it is your flexible meat container becomes obsolete with the torturous, sluggishly slow passing of time and finally ceases to function. The end. (Also, this story applies to anyone else that insufferably exists, has ever pathetically existed, or that will ever be obliged to uselessly exist as well.)

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129. Nothing better to trigger that sweet extra amount of loathsome nihilistic despair like realizing that while we are alive, we are so infinitely useless, that all that we as puppets can do is elaborate angry or frustrated rants that show our extreme sense of discontent aimed towards the absurd organic strings that define our reality, limit our options to exit and at the same time because of that, keep us still captive forced to continue experiencing the unsavory horrors of being a sentient monstrosity of nature.

We never even get the pleasure to insult and discharge our furious vexations at the masterminder directly, as it is an abstract idea, a biological process of chaos and dysfunctionality that it remains completely deaf and absolutely indifferent to all our insignificant, little

existential protestations.

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130. Dosage of Existential Realism, by Matthias Jablonka

What does a child that was kicked out from the safe and secure voidness of space only to end up here just to be molested, tortured, murdered and then be thrown into a dumpster by a deranged person have to say to existence? Thanks for letting me be a part of this beautiful thing called life? Fuck no. Don't tell me how that child has to be glad and say thanks for having had the pleasure of experiencing this hellhole of reality.

Or, also something that it is just as fucked up as that: what does a calf that was brought into life only to end up being butchered and filling up the stomach of this said person while providing it with enough energy to do all those horrible, tormenting things to the before mentioned child have to say to existence? Thanks for letting me be the biological fuel that gave this individual enough physical strength and made possible the gruesome nightmare lived by that child?

Shit, what do any of us has to really say to existence for being here only to sluggishly experience physical deterioration while we have to deal with all sorts of pointless trials and meaningless tribulations that lead us only directly to the grave and then back to the silent, eternal blackness of nonexistence once again?

It only takes little mental effort to realize that we are being a part of something not only infinitely cruel and malicious, but also tremendously bizarre. None of this makes any fucking sense whatsoever. Yet, the great majority is still happily willing to continue bringing more responsive flesh into the table to be utilized by the uncaring and callous forces that enfold our universe for the empty and vain sake of sadistic amusement, and nothing else.

And, this isn't even deep or complex philosophical thinking, just a simple observation and analogy that anyone, included the most existentially brainwashed ones can make...

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131. Some of the worst pains that a person can end up experiencing are not physical, but mental.

Particularly because unlike the physical pains, there's no medicine that we can take or substance can apply to quickly and efficiently assuage the mental ones.

You see, the more existentially aware and conscious the fleshy marionettes are about their absurd cosmic reality and the limitations of the surroundings that they find themselves trapped in, the more often they will find themselves having to deal with utterly bothersome and seemingly never-ending mental states of boredom, tedium and ennui.

They have to be constantly seeking for entertainment, diversions and excitement, just to scare the awful monotony of their insignificant little empty lives away...

And, usually, all of this doesn't really do much for them; it's just a temporal escape, a momentarily solution to a problem that, as long as they exist, it will never go away entirely.

When everything has been static for an extended period of time, they will start to experience an uncomfortable sense of frustration since it's then when they are more aware than ever, of how monotonous, repetitive, pointless and dull everything that revolves around them truly is.

It's then when they consciously face the dismal indifferential grimness, of the uncaring universal nothingness that embraces it all.

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132. Closest thing to actually having the pleasure (or disgust) of observing the futility of human existence not only in action but also in physical form, is to watch the pathetic occupations that people have to involve or loose themselves in all day so that they can fill up their sad and empty little lives.

Let's see: getting a new kitten or puppy (caring for them provides great amounts of useless distraction); buying the latest gadgets or toys (lots and lots of mindless entertainment to go around with these technological tools who in the end are nothing but weapons to fight the absurd and the mundane, while providing enough escapism to help them flee from their bitter realities); engaging in pastimes or hobbies (such a great way of handling mental vacuity and physical anxiety); killing time with friends or family (amusing one another through pointless verbal exchange or corporeal interaction); having kids or adopting children (very similar to the kitten or puppy in quite a few ways, but much more bodily complex, mentally demanding and time-consuming than the before mentioned two); these and many, many more are all part of the frenetic and painful existential orgy that people must cognitively absorb themselves in, all in order to obtain some ephemeral release from the curse of consciousness and the burden of sentience.

Those who are extremely glued to the game certainly cannot afford to see things detachedly, but those who can stop for a moment, zoom out and spend some time taking a look at the sour and risible cosmic circus of life from far away, will notice this big mass of self-aware reeking flesh found at all times with the mouth wide open desperately hoping to catch a tasty (organic or cerebral) snack to satisfy the vicious internal hunger that their own dire births generate simply because they have been evicted from the uncaring blankness of space.

Until their return into nothingness, detestable marionettes who have been enslaved to their hopeless and harrowing environments, is all they are and will ever be.

[In the comments section]:

[Anonymous]: A good job in pinpointing this shadowed esoteric truth. Do you think it is possible to be aware of the massive amount of bullshit and underlying mechanisms responsible for the human "desires", and still give a fuck about it all and enjoy at least yourself, for knowing that and so much more than most sleepwalking organic machines? After all, your well thought-over post and my insignificant comment also fit inside the miserable box of meaningless activities we humans undertake to just fill this empty void within ourselves for a sense of gratification.

[Matthias Jablonka]: It would be hard to speak for everyone about that because each individual could have a different reaction towards these ugly and unpleasant existential realizations depending on personal experiences, personality type and basic genetical composition. For example: Some could go as far as committing suicide for realizing how pointless, meaningless and futile it all is. Others could become so depressed that they could spend an entire lifetime not wanting to get out of bed, asking themselves: what's the point in doing anything, or why even bother about it? And, the last one is being fully aware of all these things, but just continue to go with the flow until death and have a relatively normal existence but with these things always floating around inside your mind. Which it seems that it is the most common one, as survival instinct and the basic need for self-preservation are generally so strong that it rules out in most the so depressed that you don't do anything, and the wanting to kill yourself so bad that you actually end up doing it. Usually, most continue existing all depressed and suicidal until death tormented and annoyed by the whole realization of being just an insignificant cosmic bug living in a futilitarian universe, uselessly filling a temporal void of time.

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133. Constant nullity is what it will always be encountered if we confront our sensory experience in a raw state. That's why we can find more and more artificially constructed positives in our reality as this species continues to needlessly marching on directly towards oblivion.

Remove all the cultural falseness from reality, and everyone would be overwhelmed by the misery that remains conveniently buried beneath the cheerful, optimistic lies.

All that we would see are sorrowful faces that have been completely deformed from dealing with the existential agony that it is their lives. In fact, we are seeing them right now, only that in most cases they have been favorably distorted by a pretentious facade, to make them easier to the eyes.

This is by no means a simple coincidence either, it is the best we could build to keep us diverted enough while we are forced to disregard our own cosmic smallness in a somber ocean of stellar indifference.

A foolish survivalist maneuver coming from our instincts successfully put at work in complicity with our senses, all in order to still remain somehow biologically operational, as if there's any rational, objective or existential use in doing that...

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134. Existential nihilism in everyday life:

Contrary to what it is most commonly believed by the mindless herd, there is actually only one true rational answer to the most common existential question of them all, the simplistically famous: "What are you doing?". Which, in philosophical terms, it translates to: How and/or with what are you currently filling up the emptiness that it exists in front of yourself given that you still haven't met nonexistence?

You can surely obtain a myriad of different seemingly relevant answers; and, those who are extremely subdued to their existential fantasy will certainly deny this, but people do one thing, and one thing only during their entire meaningless and purposeless stay in this existential prison called reality, and that is to distract their own conscious moments of nothingness to not end up dealing with the uncomfortable vacuity that it is always found inside of the self. The rest is all superficial nonsense attached to the personal delusion that each individual carries inside the mind, but little does it matter, as it is all a pretentious facade constructed solely for aesthetic purposes to please their own perception.

Blocking their own awareness with whatever thing that they could possibly find (jobs, careers, physical recreation like sex or sports, mental recreation such as seeking solace in the different form of arts, etc.) to satisfy the emptiness regardless of how serious they might take all these little futile engagements, is all that everyone ever does while in existence.

Self-aware organic matter temporarily hallucinating being something, somebody or someone until achieving full decomposition and eventually heading back to the quietness and lightlessness of the cosmos in order to continue with the eternal rest inside the void.

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135. If a parent psychologically abuses or physically damages in any way its offspring, he or she probably will be judged as a monster, then persecuted, convicted and imprisoned for its crime. Nature, however, does exactly the same thing to all living creatures, to all its little precious creations and it gets away with murder every single time.

For starters, it enslaves them in a flexible container to deal with all kinds of absurd needs always waiting be satisfied or else the consequences are usually pretty horrible for the housing resident. Then, it forces them to play a useless game of biological stupidity and mental nonsense that accomplishes absolutely nothing while the universe remains completely indifferent to all of their meaningless existential happenings and occurrences until they finally perish and become eternally forgotten. Yet, most of the supposed intelligent beings that inhabit this planet, will talk your ears off about how beautiful it is the existence of organic life and of everything else that also co-exists with it on this planet without even stopping for a minute to think about the supposed rational accuracy of this statement.

This is exactly a condition that I like to call: Stockholm Syndrome towards life. And, as it is easily noticeable, our planet seems to have more than enough sufferers of this condition, hence the fuckedupness of our sickening reality.

I'm afraid that this bizarre cosmic circus it is sadly doomed to carry on until violent extinction given that most are so badly brainwashed from factory inception, that only an insignificant amount ever manage to somehow free themselves from the mindless programming of infinite spatial inutility dictated by the malevolent witch disguised as a beautiful princess that it is our wonderfully sadistic mother nature.

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136. Swift non-rubbish translation of "it's up to you to give meaning to your existence": You have been abandoned in a cold and uncaring futilitarian universe that couldn't possibly care any less about the totality of your pointless biological story, or if you are dead or alive right now. But, since you probably have a long way until meeting the grave and returning to nothingness once again, consider severely bullshitting yourself with mundane nonsense to make it all a little bit more bearable, even if at the end of the day that means to swim in a giant pool of obscene lies and revolting self-deception.

Basically: Let's put this blanket over here to cover the hole that leads into the abyss of oblivion and pretend that we are not at all times standing next to infinite cosmic voidness ready to take us all in.

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137. Dreams, longings, wishes, worships and wants (or: the anti-life manifesto, of a mentally worn out, rational man):

I constantly daydream with a personal realm of darkness and silence to become my entire existential reality; and, for the sake of ending the continuity of needless sorrow and valueless anguish spreading throughout the cosmos, I long for mass extinction to come and wash away all the rest...

I empathetically wish for the whole universe to be in a permanent desolate state of bleak and dismal emptiness; so that this way there can be no more miserable prisoners of vicious nature enslaved to a useless biological process unnecessarily roaming around, while all they ever do is dealing with a vain cognitive nightmare and endure degenerate body horrors, just to slowly become physically putrid and finally have a meeting with death at the end...

For analytical reasons, the only two things that I can say that I truly worship, are absolute nothingness and eternal oblivion...

Therefore, I want not only for non-existence to entirely embrace this macabre and revolting planetary zoo, but I also want for a soothing state of perpetual nullity to rule and conquer amidst the numbing infinity & unfathomable massiveness of space; and, only if it were logically and materially possible, much, much further beyond than that too...

Eradicate it all, and never construct again!

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138. Trying to fulfill the voracious internal mental void that it is created by existence through the simple act of having its most advanced and modern breed of biological sentient slaves still breathing and consciously responsive, is very much like trying to fill up a big plastic bag that has a huge hole at the bottom.

You see, no matter how much stuff or how many different things you desperately try to put inside—to calm down the nauseating and horrid cognitive vacuity—the bag will never be full because the stuff always ends up falling down through the hole on the other side; not only making a piled up mess of a bunch of crap that's scattered all over the ground, but also (and the most annoyingly wearisome part about this) leaving you with a constant sense of hideous emptiness that can only ever be momentarily fulfilled as the things or stuff that you are always putting inside, quickly complete the useless and barren gravitational transition of making an entrance into one stupid hole, just to seconds later end up falling off through the other...

So, you have to wake up each day with your sensory awareness warning you before even getting out of bed—while your eyes are all bothersomely mushy and sticky and your body is still feeling all sore and tired—that you are about to be forced by your imposed instinctive will to survive (who will most likely drag you to the tomb whether you want it or not, very much like a bad dog owner that chokes its pet with the leash and obliges it to move forward, if the dog doesn't desire to walk) to get ready to face the same unavailing succession of absurdities and revolting ordeals that come with trying to fill up a broken, defective bag; all of this while also painfully knowing beforehand

that at the end of the day, at the end of your overall lifespan achievements, all the effort that you have made and all that energy that you have wasted on this, will all end up banishing into absolute nothingness, because all of the struggle is ultimately pointless given that you have been helplessly enslaved since birth to a fruitless cycle of boundless existential inutility that can only be aborted with the never on time arrival of death…

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139. Just like feces, the internal fleshy parts of our bodies such as the intestines, mucus or viscera, together with bodily fluids like semen or menstrual blood, and about any other creepy organic thing that our bodies carry, expel or end up generating at some point aren't that bothersome or cause us so much disgust as long as they aren't being exposed, stay inside the person's body, or simply are not being perceived by our senses, existence itself isn't that troublesome and annoying if the individual can manage to ignore all of the nightmarish nonsensical bullshit and all those existential ordeals that at all times occur inside of it.

Thus, the real key to experiencing a less sorrowful reality, is blindness, ignorance and unawareness, towards whatever stupidity that it exists out there...

Too bad though, that our opportunities of remaining unaware of all the existential bullshit that constantly surrounds, us are controlled by random chance; and, there's practically nothing that we can consciously do about it to alter that outcome in our favor. If awareness and understanding about the unmitigated futility of existence somehow enter into your sensory intellectual perception at some point, you are pretty much fucked until the end of your wretched and miserable existence on this morose and hideous place called Earth.

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140. Hiding behind ridiculous excuses to justify the unjustifiable, is what humans know how to do best...

Our species (and all the other ones too, but this time around it is not particularly about them), when put together as a whole, form a big mass of perambulating tumors who exceed at self-delusion.

And, if anything, it is the way that this futilitarian game of life works—through the use of all these pawns of sadist nature by forcing them to fight a meaningless and pointless battle for survival, reproduction, acceptance, power, resources, etc., until they organically cease to function and die—who by default generates all of this vomit inducing behavioral mess...

Decaying war meat toys, sentient biological machines, who under the command of cruel, uncaring forces, are struggling extremely hard to achieve absolutely nothing at all in the end, while they are also being used for vain entertainment purposes only.

Come on, universe, you are just a dead mass of uncaring emptiness. You're not even having fun with any of this...

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141. The complete extermination or disappearance of sentient life from the face of the cosmos, would mean no more pointless wars/riots/conflicts; no more human trafficking; no more homicides/femicides/murders; no more rape/sexual victims; no more mindless violence; no more mental illnesses/corporeal diseases; no more contemporary slavery/child labor; no more poverty/homelessness; no more hunger/starvation; no more fatal accidents; no more cats, dogs or other creatures being run over by vehicles and dying horribly on the streets; no more pollution/contamination; no more suicides; no more drug addicts; no more psychological/physical abuse/torture; no more animal hunting/cruelty/consumption; no more animals fighting other animals just to get dinner or simply survive; no more useless suffering; no more needless pain; no more worthless misery...

And the list of good/positive stuff goes on and on almost indefinitely. Yet, the great majority of the population would still say that a total genocide or a big asteroid hitting the earth, is about the worst thing that could ever happen to us...

You can hear it all the time too: "Oh, better colonize mars soon (and take all the stomach-turning crap that I mentioned before over there to continue the futilitarian cycle of utter nullity) because life is so beautiful and important. It most definitely needs to keep spreading around and be preserved."

"But look at all the fancy shit and coping mechanisms that we have created and invented through our history that serves absolutely no purpose whatsoever other than to make our stay in this nightmarish hellhole of a place a little less inadequate and doleful that what it naturally is without the existence of all this mind-numbing and void filling bullshit."

Ugh. People, am I right?

Such a bunch of delusional marionettes who have been enslaved by nature's unavailing and sadistic programming of absolute nothingness...

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142. Defense Mechanisms:

Every time that I use any type of technology, or that I manage to lose myself in the arts (literature, films, music, etc.), I philosophically comprehend that everything that we humans have ever created until this point in history (including things like religion, occupations, sports,

politics, warfare and so on) and what we will continue to create in the future of our meaningless and absurd history, is evidently an accurate response to being nothingness personified. Self-aware vacuity who happens to have a fairly large (but luckily not everlasting) amount of unfilled moments of emptiness to deal with in front of itself.

Since it's a very unusual rarity to hear anyone saying that they enjoy experiencing mental distress. That they adore and truly relish dealing with things like boredom, apathy or ennui; it's extremely safe to say that no one really likes to experience reality/existence either. What most individuals do treasure and like to embrace, are all the lies that we have had created in order to deal less awfully with our own imposition of sentience and with our enormous degree of potential apprehension.

I mean, this is applied rational deduction at its best. All those things that were mentioned before are some of the most authentic things that can be found and be experienced in reality/existence, when we are dealing with awareness and confronting or facing consciousness in its purest raw state.

Without all the existing entertainment and distractions that, after further inspection, most certainly show to possess a very-well fixed application in existence, all would be vexation and distress for us, the high-evolved primates.

All this openly leaves in evidence that human reality is composed of complex slices of fleshy nullity hallucinating perceptiveness and purposely disrupting their own consciousness with whatever thing that they can possibly find (or perhaps build with a little ingenuity and imagination), all in order to not having to consciously make an encounter with the enormous void that they are constantly carrying inside themselves.

Fortunately (yeah, it's as good as it gets), moments after that their existential shutdown occurs everything will be finally alright for them, as they will unfeelingly start to disperse into the emptiness of the cosmos and become unconscious particles of dust once again; but until they mentally cease to function, reality says that all that they can ever do until then, is find shelter in those little moments of cognitive peace when they manage to somehow swallow the lie of self-importance, and take relatively serious the idea that the illusion of sensory involvement that they are currently experiencing is in some way relevantly meaningful.

And, with all this, we can also rationally deduce that whenever someone reaffirms that they love reality/existence, this clearly isn't true, at all. What they truly love are all the coping mechanisms that with collective efforts in a desperate attempt to make existence a little less horrible have been created over time. They love all those little things that were built with the sole purpose of covering up the severe ugliness of reality. What they love are the lies, fantasies and all the things that are constantly in use to facilitate self-deception so that individuals can fill up their own nightmarish nothingness and face their inconvenient level of perception.

No matter how good things can get or how many fancy things humans might be able to create to make it all look and feel a bit more pleasant to the mind and senses, human reality will always be just one big pool of thick, pungent shit.

And, it also seems that as long as everyone can cover up their noses with something to avoid dealing with the smell, and as long as they can pretend that the shit that they are always looking at is crystal clear water with a little help from their mental delusions, everyone will keep swimming on it like if nothing disgustingly wrong is actually happening.

Thus, culture as a whole is the ultimate self-defense mechanism intentionally designed to help the protoplasmic figurines to endure their mournful existences. And, a look at reality will show us that not even their greatest collective effort which can be traced back to many many years ago, is even remotely close to being enough to allow them to consistently or efficiently deal with their own disconsolate nullity.

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143. A Brief Chronicle of My Severe Existential Detachment:

Honestly, I don't consider myself a person any longer. I mean, truly couldn't; not after all that I have learned, seen and witnessed about this meaningless and absurd existence in where I currently find myself being forcefully detained mainly by my nonsensically imposed biological programming of survival and self-preservation instincts, against my very own mentally accurate and far superior logical will.

This tedious burden forces me to unnecessarily continue dealing with the monotonous futility of consciousness, when I already know there's absolutely no point into it.

To go a little further in this declaration, I can also say that I vaguely remember when it was the last time that I felt ordinary and humane; and even then, those memories seem so strange and surreal. Distant and far away. Almost like, if they belong to someone else; as if, it was never me the one who actually experienced them.

My humanity never really abandoned me, as it was me the one who gradually began to lose it. And, I know that I started to lose it when I fully embraced my rationality as this made me vividly realize that the biotic war game that I was playing didn't make any sense whatsoever; when I could no longer sustain the existential human lie conveniently instilled since birth to help individuals endure and deal with the horrors of their reality.

The mechanism of defense and protection, wasn't enough to keep me delusionally functional anymore. So, it was then when I became aware and managed to realize what I actually am, what I have always been, and what I at all times represent and have always represented in existence: an organic slice of self-conscious nullity ephemerally undergoing through the fantasy of 'personification' while swallowing the illusion of 'somebodiness'. A perceptive mind experiencing consciousness while I find myself temporarily trapped inside this organic container as I complete a slow, dreadful process of fleshy degradation only to make my way back towards the nothingness and finally regain the cozy place that my forced and imposed emergence made me lost in appeasing oblivion.

Since pretending clashes with my ethics and doesn't match well with my rational morality, I had to rearrange my entire self when I saw how few viable choices I truly had other than to carry on until the end, and it was then when I became an spectator of existence. I decided to embrace the awful truth that most spend a lifetime denying; the same truth that most have no choice but to cover up or fill up with huge amounts of self-deception. Therefore, from now on, I simply sentiently observe from a removed position day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute, second after second, my own bizarre, phantasmagorical journey, leading inevitably back into the calming and solacing vacuum of sublime nonexistence.

It's because of all this and more, that my present self longs for one thing, and one thing only, and that is to bond once again with the empty gloominess that it's found inside the cosmos.

The only cogent desires left in me, are to finally reunite with the soothing pitch-black darkness and to merge inside the void.

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144. Our physical fragility is another good way of measuring our cosmic irrelevance.

One day everything's going fine and well, but then comes an unexpected car accident while driving to meet a friend; or, perhaps the heavy branch of a tree falls over your head while returning home from work; maybe, you miss a step while going down the stairs, so from the fall you receive a hard hit to the skull that proves to be fatal and suddenly boom, a silent black screen becomes your entire reality...

You are dead now, the game's over.

Embraced by nothingness and oblivion.

Bye bye forever.

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145. Praising someone for being such a hard and obedient worker in a bloodsucking capitalistic/corporate society that treats people like organic machines instructed and programmed to perform mind-numbing exercises and repetitive maneuvers so that they can obtain printed paper with imaginary value to gain acquisitive power and pursue useless material wealth all in order to keep alive and running an existential cycle of absolute vileness and stupidity that it is based on the deprivational satisfaction of mental wants and physical needs, is very much like congratulating a slave for being able to take quite a few violent hits with the whip without screaming in pain or complaining that much.

Oh, you're such a good trained monkey for performing all the demanded tricks, here's your well-earned banana, now go back to the cage...

Jeez, they are forcefully dry fisting your asshole, and you just pretty much thank them for stretching your anus and making it bleed…

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146. Let's play: Guess the film (Existential Nihilism version).

Synopsis: It follows the monotonous, futilitarian and unbearable life ordeals of a total interstellar nobody that has been abandoned inside a locked dark room and who has to wake up every day after sleeping for a couple of hours to having to deal with about +16 more hours of painfully staring fixedly at a big blank wall for no good reason or point whatsoever accomplishing absolutely nothing at all, and then going back to bed only to start all over again with exactly the same thing the next morning, repeating the before mentioned process over and over and again and again, until a sad, empty and meaningless death...

Yes, look at you, you smart motherfucker! You got it right!

It's: "Everyone's Pathetic Life Story When All Delusional Bullshit Has Been Removed from their Boring & Useless Sentient Realities".

IMDb Rating: 0/10

Avoid at all costs (Although if you are reading this it is probably too late, as you are forcefully watching it right now trapped from inside a decaying meat suit and in POV format. Yes, you have already been cosmically fucked. Enjoy!).

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147. Frankly, at times, when I deeply find myself analyzing this moronic exhibition of sentient imbecility that we like to call existence, life appears to show being so malignantly constructed that it is always deceitfully trying to accommodate itself by creating deceptive illusions of progress and universal achievement, so that it can practically pretend possessing a useful objective and fool its participants into swallowing that any of this organic existential chaos somehow makes perfect sense...

The absurd notion that this biological reality must be protected and that we have to guarantee its survival at all costs because it is unique and functional while conveniently ignoring that its continuation means inevitably trading and closing an unnecessary awful deal with overwhelming amounts of suffering, miseries, pains, struggles and despairs, seems to silently roam around everyone's mind; but, the observable truth is that absolutely nothing actually shows that it has a real need or commitment to exist as it all propagates itself through instinctive impulse while it obediently follows an illogical programming.

Yet, the common mind is so lost within the biological schedule and a slave to the organic imposition, that they won't even notice any of this even while having it openly at sight at all times right in front of their faces.

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148. Nothing better to actually witness in the making how much life, time and negative experiences can psychologically destroy and mentally ruin a person beyond repair than seeing a child or teenager undergo the process of changing from being a really cute, happy, innocent and nice little kid, grow up to become a cynical, bitter, hateful, cold, angry, and an 'I don't give a fuck about anything or anyone else but me' kind of person who is constantly repressing its feelings and emotions, just to deal with the hardships of reality and survive out there in the real world while being forced into the pointless gladiator war that nature plays with us all...

Holy shit this business of existing is fucked up. Humans are the finest practitioners of social cannibalism thus far.

So much struggle, friction, animosity, sweat, tears and energy wasted on this futilitarian game, and to think that it is all for naught as it accomplishes absolutely nothing, and death erases it all away at the end of the journey back into the void...

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149. It is exceptionally bizarre to think that after so much universal struggle and organic selection, the greatest product that comes out of the womb of precious mother nature, is just a forlorn sentient abomination...

A grotesque biological machine that has absolutely nothing better to do with its own wretched time in existence, other than to deny its own cosmic triviality and to keep itself as busy as it can by occupying the existential emptiness that its own pointless birth generates with idle rubbish and bootless nonsense, that have the sole finality of ending up producing short bursts of momentary relief in its absurdly imposed sensory experience, so that they can later be used to make the unnecessary and useless birth-life-death cycle, a little less painfully horrifying and morbidly distressful...

And, if all of this wasn't enough, it is also always basically helplessly fated and deterministically doomed to repeat this before detailed meaningless and dreadful process of enduring consciousness and fighting a lost battle against deprivations over and over and over again, until it finally becomes organically obsolete, or it somehow manages to defeat its own instincts of self-preservation and gathers the necessary bravery to violently end it all before the visibly distant natural shutdown eventually occurs...

Oh, not even the concept or idea of evolutionary mistake is enough to verbalize the failure that these futile and fruitless decaying protoplasmic figurines at all times personify and represent.

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150. Mentally far gone, but physically still here:

I'm altogether sickened by what filters through my senses, yet survivalistically programmed to be unable to do anything to cease these unpleasant and dreadful existential encounters with reality.

Very much like a toddler tied to a chair while its caregiver forcefully shoves into his mouth, the food that he doesn't desires to eat...

A perambulating case of internal commotion and external turmoil. The brain is done with all of it, but the body is full of energy and determined to finish this pointless race back towards spatial nothingness.

Instructed by irrationality, the flesh obviously always wins the battle...

So it can now be observed how one uselessly drags the other towards the finishing line entirely against its will.

Little does the unreasoning fleshy receptacle knows that with this imprudent instinctive decision, it has doomed its good friend the encephalon, to behold an appalling display of repugnant pettiness and vomitous banality, until completing this maddening slow process of biological dissolution that will allow to finally bind things to an end...